NEW SERIAL—"THE OUTLAWS OF THE AIR"
(By GEORGE GRIFFITH, Author of "The Angel of the Revolution," and "The Syren of the Skies.")

SHORT STORIES

EDITED BY C. ARTHUR PEARSON (OF PEARSON'S WEEKLY)

No. 300. FOR WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 29, 1894. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

PLUMTREE'S HOME-POTTED MEATS

For the BREAKFAST, LUNCHEON, TEA, and SUPPER TABLE.

Of all Grocers, &c.; or send 7½d. or 1/3 for Sample Jar to Maker—

PLUMTREE, SOUTHPORT.

It is not claimed that these Camomile Pills will cure all diseases, but they have 100 YEARS' REPUTATION for being UNEQUALLED and, indeed, UNAPPROACHED as a remedy for

NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS

INDIGESTION BILIOUSNESS HEADACHE
STOMACH AND LIVER COMPLAINTS DEBILITY

The BEST of all TONICS and a GENTLE APERIENT.

MILD IN OPERATION, PERFECTLY SAFE, AND FREE FROM INJURIOUS DRUGS.

SOLD EVERYWHERE IN BOTTLES AT 1/1½, 2/9, AND 11/- EACH,

Ask for "NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS," and do not be persuaded to purchase an imitation.

Prepared by NORTON'S LIMITED, 21, Spital Square, London, E.

BEETHAM'S
WORLD FAMED
CORN & BUNION PLASTER

Boxes, 1s. 1½d., of all Chemists, or post-free, for 14 stamps from the Proprietors,
M. BEETHAM & SON, Chemists,
CHELTENHAM.

IS THE BEST REMEDY EVER DISCOVERED.

It acts like magic in relieving all pain and throbbing, and soon cures the most obstinate corns & bunions. It is especially useful for reducing enlarged Great Toe Joints, which so spoil the symmetry of otherwise beautiful feet. **Thousands have been cured, some of whom had suffered for fifty years without being able to get relief from any other remedy.** (It is a thin plaster, and takes up no room in the boot.) A trial of a Box is earnestly solicited, as immediate relief is sure.

THREE HALF CROWNS

IT IS A STARTLING FACT

that **Three Half-Crowns (7/6)** will purchase a beautiful **SERGE DRESS LENGTH** in any of the following colours:—Black, Blue, Brown, Green, Claret, Nut Brown, Chestnut, Mulberry, Ruby, Red, Moss, Olive, Myrtle, Bronze, &c., also several very pretty and effective mixtures.

Full Dress Length (Carriage Paid) FOR **7/6**

Money returned if not approved.

20,000 Sets of Patterns now ready, write at once. Patterns are sent Post Free and need not be returned.

These beautiful Serges are specially manufactured for Autumn and Winter wear, elegant in appearance and are not heavy as most Serges are. They will not spot with rain or wear threadbare.

£5,000 to be Given Away in Presents to Purchasers.

Thousands of Testimonials from all parts of the World.

Cloth Table Covers, 2 yds square, 4s. 9d. each, in Crimson, Claret, Tan or Emerald. Remnant Bundles of Serge, 5s. and 10s. each, carriage paid. Write to-day for Patterns of Dress Materials, post free to any address.

LUTAS LEATHLEY & Co., Dept. 21, The Dress Warehouse, Armley Leeds.

PREVENTS COLDS AND CHILLS

BOVRIL

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST STOCK FOR SOUP.

Digitized by Google

A HAIR PIN

WITHOUT POINTS
HAS GOOD POINTS!!!
SEE THE
POINT?

Hinde's
"Pyr Point"
Hair Pin.

CAN'T SCRATCH THE HEAD, AND WON'T FALL OUT.

THEY COST YOU EXACTLY SAME PRICE AS OLD SORT.

EACH STORE AND WAREHOUSE KNOWS ALL ABOUT THEM.

SAMPLES FREE ON RECEIPT OF POST CARD.

Hindes Ltd., MANUFACTURERS OF BRUSHES & TOILET ARTICLES, BIRMINGHAM & LONDON.

£10,000 IN PRESENTS.
ONE MILLION BEST SILK
HANDKERCHIEFS
1/- ONLY. ONLY 1/-

I must clear my overstock of about one million pure Silk Handkerchiefs, direct from the looms. To do this quickly I will give to each of the first 100,000 postal customers a valuable present; please mention if a lady's or gentleman's prize is required. The Handkerchiefs are of large sizes, and well worth 2s. 6d. each. Suitable for Ladies' or Gentleman's wear LIGHT, SOFT, WARM, and DURABLE, as only a Silk Handkerchief can be. I have reduced the price for the Special Sale to 1s. each, or 13 stamps; 2 lots for 2s., 6 for 5s., 12 for 9s. 6d. Prize and a free insurance coupon for £100 with each handkerchief.

A Living Testimonial worth a Thousand recommendations from me.

"105, Boundary Lane, Liverpool,
"March 16, 1894.

"Dear Sir,—Sample Handkerchief and present to hand this morning, with which I am both exceedingly pleased and absolutely astounded at the price you are putting them in at. You are worthy of patronage. With all possible despatch please forward me to above address 14 more as follows: 10 Ladies', and 4 Gentlemen's. Enclosed you will find P.O.O.'s as per your quotation, 11s. 6d. Sincerely hoping you may have an extensive sale of the Handkerchiefs.—Yours faithfully, JOHN D. COSTA."

P.O.O.'s payable at Rugby. Letters addressed to
H. BUTCHER, Clifton Mill, Rugby.
PLEASE MENTION THIS MAGAZINE.

BALDNESS CURED in all its forms. Send stamped addressed envelope for Testimonials, Press Criticism, and valuable Pamphlet, containing Chapters on Baldness, Loss of Hair, Greyness, Superfluous Hair, &c., with Advice Form for Treatment, to Dr. HORN, Hair Specialist, Newport, Isle of Wight.

HAIR REMOVED permanently, root and branch, without injury to the skin. Particulars on receipt of stamped directed envelope.
G. S. COLLINS, Imperial Mansions, Oxford Street, London, W.C.

TOWLE'S PENNYROYAL & STEEL PILLS FOR FEMALES.
QUICKLY CORRECT ALL IRREGULARITIES, REMOVE ALL OBSTRUCTIONS and RELIEVE the distressing SYMPTOMS so prevalent with the sex. Boxes 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. (the latter size contains three times the quantity), of all Chemists, or will be sent anywhere on receipt of 15 or 34 stamps, by the maker,
E. T. TOWLE, Chemist, NOTTINGHAM.
Beware of Imitations injurious and worthless.

To Tobacconists Commencing.
£20 See Illus. Guide. 259 pp. 3d. "How to open a Cigar Stores from £20 to £1,000." "TOBACCONISTS' Co.," 186, Euston Road, London. Manager — H. Myers. Estab. 1866. *N.B.*—Shopfitters and Show Case Makers for all trades. ESTIMATES FREE.

MELVILLE'S
New Upright
GRAND PIANOFORTE
26 GUINEAS (*Net Cash Price*).
This Piano is confidently recommended as the very best instrument ever produced at the money. For beauty and resonance of sound, for delicacy and brilliancy of touch, for exquisite modulation and the perfection of workmanship it cannot be excelled. It has all the latest improvements, including entire Iron Frame (suspended), Harmonic Bar, Best Check Action, Double Covered Machine Hammers, Bushed Keys, &c., Marqueterie or Chased Gilt Embossed Panels and Gilded Bracket Trusses. Supplied in Walnut, Rosewood, or Ebonised, and the net cash price is 26 Guineas. Inspection and trial is invited.
MELVILLE, 61, CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON.

THOUSANDS OF TESTIMONIALS RECEIVED.
PATCHWORK FOR THE MILLION.
Never was such a thing offered to the public before.
As we are now Clearing our Enormous Stock of SUMMER PRINTS, we will send Free, per Parcels Post, on receipt of 15 Stamps,
FIFTY Splendid Pieces of PRINT for PATCHWORK.
Now is the time to Make Cheap and Warm Quilts for the Winter. This is thoroughly Genuine.
SELLICK & COMPANY,
FREEMANTLE ROAD, COTHAM, BRISTOL.

FOR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE. BEAUTIFUL HAIR
BRODIE'S IMPERIAL HAIR DYES & C
(REGISTERED) ONE LIQUID

No. 1 Black
No. 2 Dark Brown
No. 3 Light Brown
No. 4 Golden Brown or Auburn
No. 5 Pure Golden
No. 6 Brodie's Hair Grower and Restorer

Harmless, Perfect, Permanent and Odourless. Clear, no Sediment.
2/6, 3/6, 5/- & 10/6 (SECRETLY PACKED).
J. BRODIE, 41 MUSEUM STREET, LONDON
Established 1868. Once Tried, Always Used.

MASON'S
EXTRACT OF HERBS
For the Immediate Production of
BOTANIC BEER.
A Nine-gallon Cask of Alcoholic Beer from a Brewery will cost you 10/6, but Eight Gallons of Beer made from
MASON'S
EXTRACT OF HERBS
Can be obtained for 6d., plus a pound or two of Sugar and a little Yeast.

THE FINEST BEVERAGE IN THE WORLD.
Inventors and Manufacturers:
NEWBALL & MASON,
Hyson Green Works,
NOTTINGHAM.
If unable to obtain it in your neighbourhood, send 9 stamps for sample bottle; or samples of both Wine Essence and Extract of Herbs, post free for 15 stamps.

A Real Boon to Ladies.
TO LADIES
Especially to those who wish to know of a safe, certain, and speedy remedy for all irregularities and obstructions, a remedy which, under the most trying circumstances and in the most difficult and
OBSTINATE CASES,
NEVER FAILS TO AFFORD RELIEF,
GENERALLY IN A FEW HOURS.
No case hopeless, failure is simply impossible, as Mrs. Snow, of Denmark Hill, Camberwell, writes:—
"By adopting your treatment my anxiety and misery was over within twenty-four hours, although I had been daily taking pills and other things in vain. Half the quantity you sent proved effective, to my intense joy and surprise.
A sworn guarantee is enclosed with all testimonials and medicine, which is inexpensive, as one bottle at 4s. 6d. (by post, 4s. 9d.) is usually sufficient for any case.
Full particulars will be gladly forwarded to any lady on receipt of addressed envelope.
Write privately to—
Mrs. P. S. S.,
145, STOCKWELL ROAD, LONDON, S.W.

MADAME FRAIN'S
FAMOUS MIXTURE.
The most powerful and effective on earth.
For the most obstinate cases. Will not injure the most delicate. Price 7s. 6d. (Strongest, 11s. per bottle); post free, 6d. extra. HERBAL INSTITUTE, 1a, Hackney Road (opposite Shoreditch Church), London, N.E. Send at once stamped directed envelope for particulars and proofs. I will forfeit £100 for every testimonial that is not genuine, and they can be seen at any time.

MUCH BETTER THAN STEEL AND PENNYROYAL.
OTTEY'S Unlabelled strong FEMALE PILLS Quickly and Certainly remove all obstructions, arising from any cause whatever. Invaluable for married women. Post free, under cover, for 14 and 33 stamps, from—
THOMAS OTTEY, Chemist, Burton-on-Trent.
Please mention this paper.

If you have
ECZEMA
OR A SKIN DISEASE OF ANY KIND,
1/6 invested at your Chemist or Store in a bottle of "Anteczema" will at once prove to you how easily and pleasantly it can be cured.
Valuable Book on the Skin free, from
THE ANTECZEMA COMPANY,
83, CASTLE ROAD, LONDON, N.W.

A BOON TO LADIES
Collins' Marvellous Female Remedy.
Mr. COLLINS [who was 30 years a member of the Royal College of Surgeons of England], will forward free of Charge, full PARTICULARS of a REMEDY, which during an extensive practice both at home and in the Colonies, he has never known to fail in the most OBSTINATE CASES of OBSTRUCTION and IRREGULARITIES. Send addressed envelope for full particulars, and waste no more time and money on useless Pills and so-called Remedies, &c., which, in the majority of cases, are nothing but PURGATIVES, and cause SICKNESS, PROSTRATION, and PAIN, without having the desired effect.
Letters to be addressed—
D. COLLINS,
GOTHIC HOUSE, 9, ERSKINE STREET, LIVERPOOL.

Digitized by Google

SHORT STORIES.

EDITED BY C. ARTHUR PEARSON.

No. 300. *FOR THE WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 29, 1894.* [PRICE ONE PENNY.

A LAST RESORT.

A DARK night in Tennessee, and the sky hidden by a mass of hurrying clouds. A raw, chilly wind, the ground all mud, the tall trees and grasses dripping from heavy rains. Just emerging from still darker woods, a young man, his clothing drenched and mud-stained, his face haggard and desperate, and his whole attitude, as he leaned heavily against the rail fence, telling of utter exhaustion. He was worn out. For more than two hours he had been flying for life over a country imperfectly known to him, though familiar to his pursuers.

More than once he had been compelled to retrace his steps, when every moment was precious, and every step through the yielding mud required an effort. Worse yet, there was no possibility of throwing the followers off the trail. Every step left its plain impression, to be followed as fast as horse could trot, and capture meant sure and swift death—no wonder he was desperate.

Turn which way he would, Gilbert Hazelton could see nothing before him but speedy and disgraceful death. Never to see the sun again, nay, not even a friendly face! Was this the end of the bright hopes with which he had kissed his mother good-bye only two short months before? It seemed like a far-away dream now. He had lived ages of fear and agony since then, gone through unspeakable humiliation and dread.

He had been accused of murder, tried for his life, found guilty, and sentenced to death. His letter to his friends must have miscarried, for they had not come to his relief. Poor, and alone among strangers, who persisted in believing him identical with the tramp who had murdered poor David Westford, Gilbert had yet fought bravely for his life. Some few had been convinced of his innocence, and his lawyer had succeeded in obtaining a new trial, in which new witnesses might at least prove an alibi.

But when this word went abroad, the townspeople were furious. They had seen more than one undoubted criminal escape through some technicality. Were they now to see the murderer of poor David Westford escape through the easily bought perjury of some worthless companions in crime? They vowed it would not be so. Last night at dusk groups of stern-looking men stood before the gaol talking grimly together, and a whisper in the air warned the Sheriff what was coming.

The gaol was old and rickety. He could not defend it, and his resolve was quickly taken. In the early dusk the prisoner was sent out by a side door, under charge of the Sheriff's son, while the Sheriff himself remained to make sure mob violence did not make a mistake and seize some other victim. But treachery carried the word to the mob, and they were soon in hot pursuit of the fugitives. In this emergency the boy, who was firmly convinced of the prisoner's innocence, released him, demanding only a promise to rejoin him at a place appointed, and himself turned back to throw the pursuers off the trail, if possible.

Gilbert fully intended to keep his promise, but in the darkness he missed his way, and the bloodhounds in the rear caught his trail.

Now, for two hours, which seemed two eternities, he had been running for life, and the unknown country and horrible mud had completely exhausted the little strength that two months of confinement and terrible anxiety had left him. Nothing but utter desperation could have driven him another yard. But when a shout came faintly from the rear he pushed forward with a great effort across the strip of cornfield, through the fence, and out on a well-travelled road.

To one less utterly exhausted this would have given a glimmer of hope, for here at least the mud had become liquid ooze, which retained no footprint. The pursuers would not know which way to turn, and must watch both roadsides to see that he did not turn aside. But he was too tired to use the advantage, and when, after running a few yards, he slipped and fell, he lay there a full minute, too utterly exhausted to rise. What was the use, when his utmost endeavours could only put off death for a few moments? Why not take one moment for rest and thought before the end came?

A farmhouse stood a quarter of a mile farther on, and as he lay there panting, exhausted, waiting only for death to overtake him, his hopeless glances fell upon its light. How placid and peaceful looked the lamp, shining serenely through the parted curtains! Doubtless a happy family were sitting round it, father and mother, sturdy sons and pretty daughters, laughing and talking, and never dreaming of the dark tragedy being enacted so near.

Would they care if they did know? Would they come to his aid if some instinct should tell them? And then he suddenly scrambled to his feet, resolving to make one last

Groups of stern-looking men stood before the gaol.

All Rights Reserved.

Digitized by Google

effort for his life. He would struggle on to the farmhouse and appeal to the quiet family circle. They might give him concealment. It was but death if he failed, and it would be no less if he did not try.

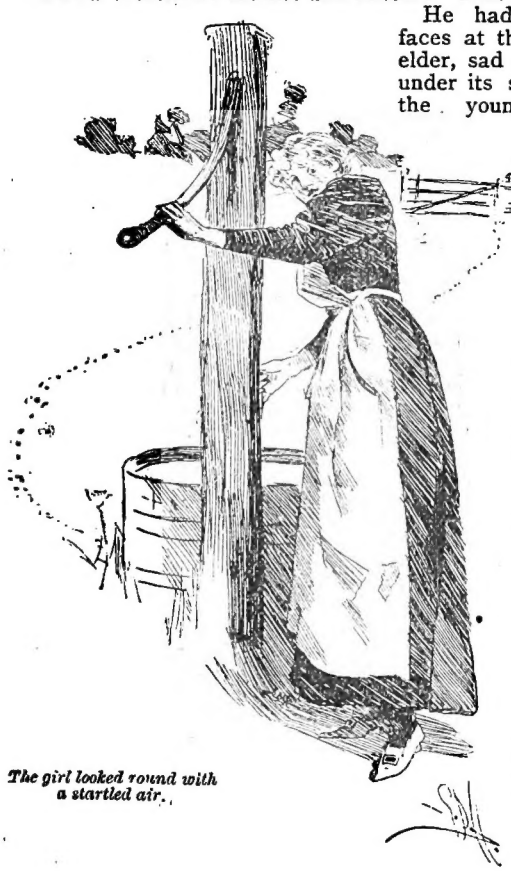
It took all the strength this last faint hope gave him to carry him to the gate and up the cinder walk, whose hard, dark surface would betray no footstep. Yet his heart failed as he reached the door, and leaned, utterly exhausted, against the doorpost.

"If I could know there were women inside! A woman would be merciful. But it may be some stern old farmer, who will only order me off and set the dogs on me."

The window was but a step away. He crept to it, and looked between the curtains. A plain, neat farmhouse kitchen, and two women, evidently mother and daughter, sitting by the table before the fire, the mother sewing, the daughter reading aloud. No one else in sight, yet Gilbert gave a smothered gasp and fell back in despair.

"David Westford's mother and sisters! That settles it!"

He had seen both faces at the trial—the elder, sad and patient, under its silvery hair; the younger, pure, pale, and clear-cut, thrown into strong relief by the dark eyes, long jet lashes and heavy black braids.



The girl looked round with a startled air.

He stood there still, hopeless and helpless, when there came a sudden break in the clear voice within. The girl had ceased reading. He looked in, and saw her pick up a pitcher and come toward the door. A moment more and she had come out, all unconscious of the man so near, gone straight to the pump, on which the lamplight shone, and was filling her pitcher. Nerved to desperation, Gilbert stepped toward her.

"I will appeal to her. Why shouldn't I? I did not kill her brother. She may pity me. She is a woman, and they are half Quakers I have heard," he muttered—and aloud, "Miss Westford, help me for pity's sake!"

The clanking of the pump ceased. The girl looked round with a startled air. "Who spoke?" she demanded.

"A fugitive, utterly exhausted with flight from a blood-thirsty mob. They are close at my heels. I can't go farther, and I am doomed unless you have pity and give me help or concealment!"

"Who are you?" she inquired; and with a dreadful sinking at his heart he gave his name, "Gilbert Hazelton."

She uttered a sharp cry and looked away towards the distant cornfields—the pursuers on his track.

"I must ask mother," she said, and snatching up her pitcher swept past him into the house.

He heard her quick voice, and Mrs. Westford's startled outcry, and in very desperation followed her in.

The old mother met him, white-haired and venerable. "So thee can seek shelter here, of David Westford's bereaved mother?" she said bitterly, wonderingly.

"Why not? I have never harmed you or him," he urged, desperately. "As true as there is a heaven above us, I am innocent of what is laid to my charge. It will be proved when my friends come. But that will be too late unless you help me."

"But I do not know it now," Mrs. Westford wavered. "Thee speaks fair, but do not all criminals the same? A trial was given thee, and thy innocence was not proved. Why should I save the murderer of my boy?"

Gilbert fell into a chair, too exhausted to stand. "You will know when it is too late if you refuse me aid. Madam, will you risk it?—risk feeling that you might have saved an innocent man, but instead let him go to his death?"

"Ernestine," cried the old mother piteously, "what ought we to do? How can we risk a life-long remorse, or how can we risk letting David's murderer go free to break other hearts as ours are broken? What does thee say?"

The girl stood in the open door, her glances alternating between the pleading face of the fugitive and the lanterns coming along the roadside.

"We must decide quickly, mother," and her clear voice quivered with feeling. "He may be innocent. It hardly seems as though a guilty man would come here—to David's home—for shelter. And if we are accessory to his death—mother, it is murder for them to take the law into their own unauthorised hands. Our choice lies between one man, who may or may not be a murderer, and a score who will surely be if we do not hinder.

"Then thee says save him!" Mrs. Westford asked doubtfully.

"I dare not refuse it, mother. Do you?"

The old lady hesitated, then, opening a corner cupboard, took a pair of handcuffs—relics of the days when David had been deputy-sheriff and earned the enmity of tramps and evil-doers—and held them toward Gilbert.

"If thee will put these on, that we may have no fear from thy violence when the mob are gone, we will conceal thee safely, and, when the search is over, send thee back to thy lawful guardian. That is all. I cannot place myself and my daughter at the mercy of one who may have none. Will thee consent?"

She was only prudent. Gilbert bowed silently and extended his hands. It was his only chance for life, and it would be the height of folly to object. Yet a faint colour came into his face as the cold steel snapped on his wrists, rendering him helpless—yet scarcely more so than fatigue had already made him.

The hesitation of both was over now. Ernestine bade him remove his muddy shoes, while she swiftly closed the door and drew down the blinds, and the mother hurried into another room. Thither Ernestine beckoned him to follow, pausing only to thrust the shoes out of sight.

At the door she turned. "It is David's room," looking keenly into his face. "Come in."

Did she think he would draw back? Guilt itself would hardly have done that now, with the pursuers so near.

"If David can see, I know he is willing," Gilbert answered quietly.

It was a small, plainly furnished room. Mrs. Westford had drawn the bed from the wall and thrown back the last breadth of carpet, revealing a tiny trap-door. At his entrance she opened it, and motioned him down.

"It is only four feet. You can drop that far," said Ernestine encouragingly. "There is no outer door. You will be quite safe."

Her mother smiled sadly: "How many frightened fugitives have slept there in safety! But that was years ago—before the war. Thee need not fear. Now—but stay, thee must be faint. I will bring thee food and drink."

Digitized by Google

She hurried away, and he swung himself down. It was not very easy with his manacled hands, and Ernestine helped him. His heart thrilled at the touch of her cold, trembling hands.

"She shrinks from my touch. She thinks my hand stained with her brother's blood," he thought bitterly.

But another glance at the pure, pale face relieved him. She was listening anxiously, and said with hurried kindness, "There is an old bed down there. Look, while I hold the light down. There! Even half-an-hour's rest will help you. But you must eat and rest in the dark, for this cellar extends under the kitchen, which is carpetless, and has cracks in the floor. Here comes mother."

Very hurriedly Mrs. Westford passed the well-filled dish and pitcher to him, reporting that the mob were almost up to the house.

"Cover up quickly, Ernestine. I am going to wake Harry."

That was her youngest son, still sleeping soundly upstairs.

She hurried away, and Ernestine quickly lowered the trap-door, and pushed back the bed.

Shut down in the darkness, Gilbert groped his way to the old bed, and sank down on it in utter exhaustion. He could do no more, be it life or death. He heard the girl's quick steps, the closing door, the louder steps directly overhead, and a slender spur of lamplight came down through a crack.

She was back in the kitchen—and there were stern voices indistinctly to be heard without. Ernestine heard them more plainly, and stood with clasped hands and pale face, praying silently, but oh, so earnestly, that the innocent, if he were innocent, might be saved, when her young brother came rushing downstairs, just as there came a thundering knock at the door.

Mrs. Westford had told him no more than that a crowd of men with lanterns were approaching, and it was in perfect good faith that he flung open the door and angrily demanded their business. They soon satisfied him.

"The tramp that murdered your brother is at large, and we are hunting for him. We have looked all up and down the road, for we know he came this way, and it looks mightily as if he had slipped into your premises and hidden somewhere. Your folks will have no objection to our searching, I reckon."

"Not a bit. I don't think he would stop here, but if he did I hope you will catch him and hang him to the nearest tree," the boy answered fiercely.

The fugitive, plainly hearing every word, shuddered, but he had no idea how many times that old house had been searched in vain for hunted souls, or he would not have feared. Harry knew the secret of the long unused cellar, but never dreamed that his mother and sister could know anything of the hunted tramp-murderer, and so had no idea that he could be in the house. So the outbuildings and premises were thoroughly searched, while Ernestine and her mother looked on with pale, quiet faces and wildly beating hearts, and the fugitive lay and listened in the darkness.

Then the men rode on, grumbling and cursing the Sheriff for letting the prisoner escape. Harry fretted a little, never guessing that his every word reached the ears of the man whom he would willingly have surrendered to his murderers, and then went back to bed.

Silence settled on the old farmhouse, and Gilbert actually fell into a light doze, from which Mrs. Westford's soft call roused him. Half asleep, he made his way to the trap door, and was helped up. Ernestine, in cloak and hat, stood waiting.

"Mother thinks it best that you should be back in safety before daybreak," she said simply. "I can drive you over very soon."

"I hate to let thee go, dear," her mother said anxiously.

"It is only for an hour, mother," reassured the girl; "and we can hardly trust Harry. He is only a boy, and so impetuous and bitter."

Mrs. Westford sighed. "It seems to be a duty, and surely our Father will not let thee suffer for doing thy duty. Well, go. My prayers shall go with thee. But be careful, child."

The light cart and bay pony stood at the door. The prisoner was helped into the back seat, and Ernestine sprang in before. The big watch-dog followed at her call and curled up under her seat, and Gilbert felt that however kindly these women might feel, they were not disposed to run any useless risks.

"Good-bye, mother; don't fret," was Ernestine's parting word, and Mrs. Westford's earnest "May God protect thee" showed her uneasiness. Yet she added a kindly word to the prisoner: "And may He bring out the truth. I hope we shall see thee free before all the world right speedily."

Then they drove away in the darkness. Ernestine spoke little; her heart beat too fast. She half apologised for taking the dog.

"The roads would be so lonely, coming back," an apology which he readily accepted. Could he resent her prudence when she had given him his life? But he could not help being intensely thankful that the dog had been asleep in the barn when he approached the house.

"You must come and see us."

Their trip was about half done when lanterns gleamed ahead, and wheels and voices were heard approaching. "The mob!" was his first thought, and Ernestine whispered hurriedly, "Down, under your seat, till they pass!" Then with a sudden joyful change in tone and manner, "Oh, it is the Sheriff! Thank heaven!"

The Sheriff it was, looking anxiously for his charge, but with little hope of ever seeing him again alive. Ernestine turned quickly.

"Your wrists, please," and the manacles fell off. "There! You need not tell that part unless you wish. It was only—but you understand. Mother had a right to be cautious, you know."

And then the Sheriff was hailing them, and as much surprised as delighted to find his prisoner in such hands. The transfer was soon made, and with a kindly word of farewell Ernestine hastened back to her anxious mother.

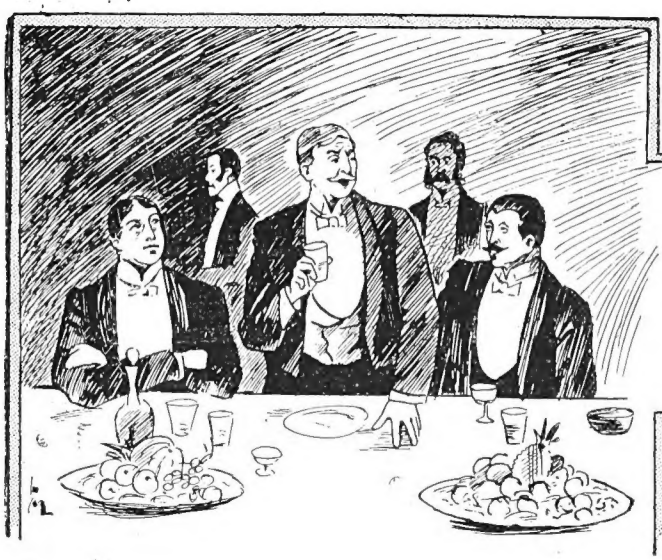
At the new trial, Gilbert Hazelton had no difficulty in proving his own identity, and after a short hearing, was triumphantly acquitted.

Of all the warm handclasps and congratulations he received, none gave him more pleasure than those of Mrs. Westford and her daughter.

"You must come and see us," Ernestine said blushing. "I know we were not over polite to you, mother and I; but come again, and you will find that we can be civil."

And he did come—not once, but many times—and at last carried sweet Ernestine away as his bride.

Digitized by Google



COINING HIS BRAINS

THE dinners of the *Dolce Far Niente* Club were as far above ordinary club dinners as the music-hall symphony concerts are above average theatrical overtures and interludes. The uneducated palate could no more appreciate their delicate savours than the uncultured ear can appreciate Listz's scores executed by Paderewski. The vulgar ideal of a club dinner is one which costs enough per plate to support a country clergyman's table for a week; one like those which aldermen and councilmen enjoy at the city's expense, and from which they rise with overloaded stomachs and apoplectic faces.

The president, Mason Macknight, had been chosen, not on account of any special executive ability, but simply because he was the most agreeable and popular fellow, and the best after-dinner speaker in the club—albeit he was so poor in worldly possessions that he could have ill afforded to retain his membership if the club had not frequently presented him with liberal testimonials of their gratitude for his inestimable services. He was bright looking and handsome, he sang a sentimental or a humorous song with effect, and he was not only an entertaining talker, but, what is even more essential to popularity, an appreciative listener.

At the closing dinner of the season, in his valedictory and introductory remarks, before presenting the speaker of the evening, he outdid himself, and so deepened the general admiration that he was unanimously re-elected, in spite of a prevailing sentiment in favour of rapid rotation in office.

I have a vivid recollection of that dinner, not only on account of the brilliant appearance which the president made, but because I was down for a speech, and more particularly because of the strange events which followed.

I am a little crotchety about always occupying the same seat at table. Even when I take only two successive meals at an hotel I feel imposed upon if the seat assigned me at first is changed at the second. This foible of mine was pretty well understood at the club, so, excepting for a little temporary joke, one particular chair was as sacredly reserved for me as the president's and distinguished guests' chairs were reserved for them. Upon entering the hall on this occasion, however, I found a stranger in my accustomed place. I glanced quickly round for the sly wink or the guilty look which should reveal the joker, but no one responded, and I took the next chair with as good a grace as possible. The stranger soon opened conversation with me and proved exceedingly affable, although no one in his vicinity seemed disposed to acknowledge acquaintance with him. His personal appearance was striking to a degree. He was pale even to ghastliness, the effect being greatly heightened by coal-black hair and moustache, and the most piercing black eyes I have ever seen.

In a little while a note was handed me from the president, requesting me to send him the name of my "friend." I replied that I did not know; that the gentleman was not present by my invitation.

While I was refolding the paper, the stranger handed the waiter a card, which, with my reply, was delivered to the president.

I saw a look of surprise and perplexity pass over Macknight's face, but he gave the stranger a most courteous bow, which fairly satisfied myself and apparently several others who had been casting inquiring glances in my direction. Still, I could not help wondering who and what my neighbour was, and why he should be present at a strictly private—I may say, exclusive—gathering, under such very singular circumstances.

As I have said, I was down for a speech. This fact prevented me from sustaining my share of the conversation with my neighbour in a manner satisfactory to myself, however it may have been to him. I had made two or three speeches on previous occasions. I had elaborated them with much trouble, committed them thoroughly to memory, word for word, and, much to my surprise and secret satisfaction, had won the reputation of being an easy, off-hand speaker. If my club-mates had only known what those "off-hand" remarks had cost me, their applause would surely have been changed to pity!

"And now, gentlemen," said President Macknight, rising with the genial smile with which he habitually haled his helpless victim to the rostrum, "I have the pleasure of presenting to you one who, etc., etc.—one, in fine, who loves to talk, but not so well as you love to listen. 'If you have tears, prepare to shed them now'; if you have laughs, prepare to laugh them now. Gentlemen, our esteemed secretary, Mr. Wilkins Dobson."

With expectations thus aroused, all turned their beaming faces towards me, prepared to laugh or weep at my first sally. From the beginning of the feast I had been so ill at ease at the certainty of what was in store for me, that I had now only made, I fear, but a poor impression upon my brilliant neighbour as a conversationalist; but I had really enjoyed none of the various dishes which had been set before me. So far as my consciousness was concerned they might have been the plainest of fare instead of the daintiest.

All through the president's introduction my heart had been thumping so obstreperously that I thought it must be heard above his resonant voice, and I felt sure that my face must betray my inward agitation. I had carefully committed my remarks, however, and I arose with what I felt was an air of entire self-possession. I was received with generous applause. Several witticisms which I had laboriously contrived, and which fortunately seemed inspired by what the president had just said, evoked satisfactory responses.

Once only did I hesitate. Oh, what a moment was that!

Digitized by Google

For the life of me I could not think what I had arranged to say next, and such was the paralysing effect of the lapse that I could no more substitute anything than I could fly.

The smoke-filled hall, the president, the long tables, and the smiling or coldly critical faces round them, began to spin before my eyes. My tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth. I took my glass of water, and was in the act of putting it to my parched lips, when I heard a whisper from the stranger at my side. Though it was doubtless inaudible to others, it reached my ear clearly and distinctly, uttering the very words with which my forgotten sentence began! In the joy of my rescue I did not stop to think of the seeming miracle, but, satisfying myself by a swift glance round me that my dilemma had not been generally discovered, I forged ahead, and finally took my seat amid even louder applause than that which had greeted the beginning of my address.

"Dobson, my boy," said my friend Knowlton, who sat at my left, patting me facetiously on the back, "you spoke your little piece *well*. How many rehearsals did you have?"

"You give me credit for wonderful prophetic power," I retorted scornfully, "if you think I knew what the president was going to say in introducing me!"

And yet my conscience did not wince.

"You *did* turn it cleverly, old fellow," answered Knowlton, "and all on the spur of the moment, too. I would give a thousand pounds this moment if I had your gift of impromptu speech!"

"Bah! You would do nothing of the sort. It's easy enough, if one only thinks so. It's just like swimming—all you have to do is to strike out boldly, not caring whether you sink or swim."

"But suppose I should sink?"

"Oh," said I carelessly, "there's no danger, if you only keep on kicking."

Here, I confess, I began to feel some inward prickings, as well as some slight embarrassment, lest the stranger on my right might have overheard my complacent words. Suddenly the recollection of the assistance he had so mysteriously given me rushed into my mind. In my elation at my success I had entirely forgotten it. I felt my cheeks turn scarlet. Facing him shamefacedly, I said:

"I beg to thank you, sir, for the service, the—ah—a wonderful service, you rendered me in my extremity. I must confess that it entirely passes my comprehension. May I ask you how you knew so exactly what I wished to say?"

"You did *not* say all you had prepared, even with my help," he replied coolly, watching my face to note the effect of his words. "You omitted two whole pages of your manuscript—those in which you combat the popular notion that the *dolce far niente* tends to the atrophy of real strength and energy."

So I did! And yet I was absolutely sure that no eyes but my own had ever seen my manuscript. I had, of course, heard and read a good deal about what is called mind-reading, but I had always relegated the whole matter to the limbo of fortune-telling and all other superstitions or fraudulent nonsense. I stared at the stranger in helpless amazement.

"Sir," I said at length, "will you have the goodness to explain this most astonishing mystery?"

He smiled, displaying a row of narrow, glistening white teeth.

"This is hardly a favourable opportunity," he replied. "If you and your president will invite me to one of your little rooms after the banquet, I may be able to interest you."

. . . . . .

"Oh, ah, yes," said Macknight, taking the stranger's hand, "I remember you *now*, Mr. Pilgrim, and the standing invitation I gave you to the hospitalities of the *Dolce Far Niente* Club."

Mr. Pilgrim bowed and smiled. "And do you remember a certain bargain you said you would like to make?"

"No; I don't recall anything of that sort. What is it?"

"You made no definite proposition. You merely expressed a desire to exchange some things you possessed for others which you did not possess."

"Oh!" laughed Macknight, "there's nothing strange or unusual in that. I'm always expressing desires. I'm one of those uneasy mortals who never *are*, 'but always to *be* blest!'"

When we three were cosily ensconced in a little card-room in the third story of the club-house, and were discussing our champagne and cigars, we began to speak about various indifferent matters, although both Macknight and I were burning with impatience to hear our guest's explanation of his apparently miraculous power.

At length Macknight said to me, "So that brilliant effort of yours was not impromptu after all?"

The consciousness that any attempt at concealment would be futile before the piercing black eyes of our strange guest, caused me to throw all reserve to the winds. I made a clean breast of my vain pretensions to the easy self-possession of the born extemporaneous orator. I told how, on receiving my invitation to address the club a week before, I had lost no time in beginning the preparation of my "desultory remarks"; how I had studied my encyclopædia for the pat allusions which had won me so much applause, and a collection of modern Joe Millers for the best of the jokes which had evoked so much laughter.

"But those admirable turns you made to my best points in introducing you," urged Macknight—"those were impromptu, at least?"

"Not at all. I weighed very carefully the probabilities. I knew that you would allude to every one of those little incidents connected with my secretaryship, and I thought it more than likely that you would indulge in just the flattery you did indulge in. If you did not happen to do so, I had so worded my speech that I could omit those special replies without in the least interfering with the connection of thought."

"Well, you *did* take pains!" exclaimed Macknight, setting his glass down on the table with dangerous force. "I shouldn't suppose you would attach importance enough to a mere after-dinner speech to put so much work into it. After all, what is there depending on it?"

"Heaven only knows! I only know, as Mr. Pilgrim doubtless does also, that the very prospect of speaking in public sets me into a shiver of dread. At the same time I feel an irresistible impulse to respond to every call, and to shine among the best of them. I have often wondered whether others who succeed as I sometimes do, are affected as I am. How is it with you, Macknight, who always succeed so immeasurably better than I, or, for that matter, than any other man in the club?

"Don't you ever feel any trepidation when you are about to face hundreds of critical auditors, who will note every little lapse of logic or wit, and every little faltering of speech?"

Macknight reflected. "Well, no, Dobson, to be perfectly candid, I can't say that I do."

I glanced involuntarily at Mr. Pilgrim. As if in reply to my unspoken question, he said instantly:

"Your president is right. Not that his words need confirmation, of course, but, as he seemed a little in doubt himself, I will say in his behalf that he is as perfectly at his ease before any audience, however large or critical, as he is at this moment before us two."

Macknight looked at him as if uncertain whether to be surprised or only complimented. At length he said:

"Thank you. Mr. Dobson has told me of the mysterious and very opportune assistance you gave him. We are both waiting with the utmost impatience to hear your explanation of your marvellous power."

Again Mr. Pilgrim displayed his glittering teeth, scarcely more white than his face. "You do not believe in the power of mind-reading, which many quite respectable persons of to-day claim to possess?"

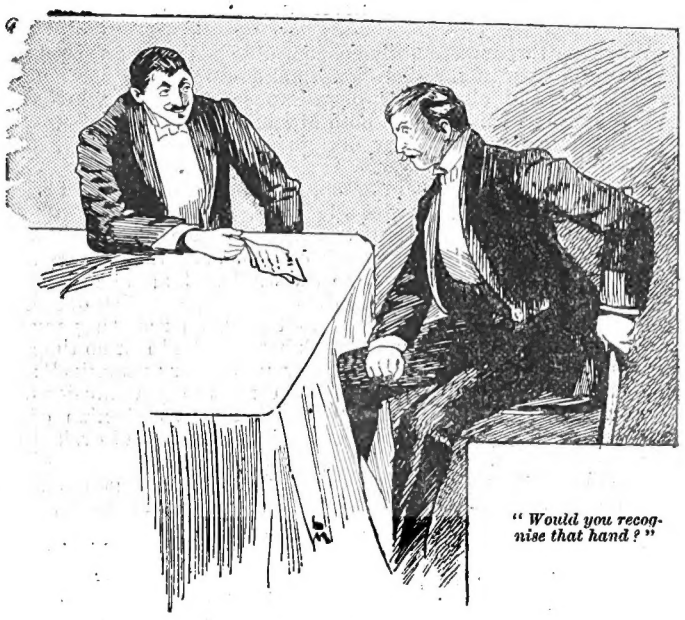
"*I had* not believed in it—until to-night, at all events," I answered.

"No," added Macknight, "I never could believe in it more than in any other supernatual power claimed by mere mortals."

"But who has the right to say that there is anything supernatural in it?" retorted Mr. Pilgrim.

He then proceeded gravely to expound the general theory and practice of hypnotism as taught by its professors;

Digitized by Google



"Would you recognise that hand?"

arguing that the art of mind-reading was closely allied, and finishing with the emphatic declaration that both were accomplished facts, and that he was simply one of their exponents.

"But," I objected, "what you did in my own case was not mind-reading. That which you read was not in my mind at all. I would have given a hundred pounds, at that fearful moment, if it had been there!"

"Shall I consider you in my debt to that amount?" asked Mr. Pilgrim, with his sinister smile. "You mistake, however, in saying that it was not in your mind," he went on, gravely. "It *was* there. The only trouble was that the electric current, so to speak, of association was for the instant broken. All I did was to close the connection."

"A new explanation of memory-lapses," observed Macknight, "and a very good one."

"No," replied Mr. Pilgrim, "not new. It is as old as the science of psychology."

"Well, a new illustration, then."

"No, not even that."

Notwithstanding Mr. Pilgrim's apparent earnestness and sincerity, neither Macknight nor I was convinced, either of the soundness of his conclusions or of his own actual belief in them. His appearance and manner were so uncanny, especially his smile, that, in spite of our reason and common sense, we could not avoid an uneasy feeling that there was something in our guest either above or below Nature.

"If Knowlton had possessed this wonderful power," I remarked to Macknight, "he would scarcely have told me that he would give a thousand pounds for my gift of impromptu speech. I can truly say, however, that I would give more than that if I really had what he thinks I have."

"And what would you give," asked Mr. Pilgrim quickly, "for the oratorical talents of your president?"

"Five thousand," replied I, bringing my fist down on the table, "this instant!"

"You would be a fool!" exclaimed Macknight. "I would sell what little knack I possess at spouting for a quarter of that sum!"

"I only wish I could take you!"

"I only wish you could!"

"You place rather a low value upon your intellectual gifts," said I.

"On the contrary, I think I have set the price exorbitantly high. Twelve hundred and fifty pounds may mean very little to you, but think what it means to me! Comfort, independence, perfect serenity of mind, for a whole year! How often I have wished that I had been allowed some choice in the gifts which Nature and Fortune bestowed upon me! There would have been a different assortment, I can tell you!"

Mr. Pilgrim bent forward eagerly. "Suppose Nature and Fortune should grant you your choice *now*. What would you choose?"

"Ah! 'Goods exchanged on application at the office,'" laughed Macknight. "Very good. Well, the very first thing I should ask for would be money—and plenty of it."

"And what would you be willing to exchange for money?"

"Let me see. Well, there's the knack of impromptu speaking which you have credited me with. I would give up that without the least hesitation."

"Yes, and what else?"

"H'm! Well, to tell the truth, I don't know of much else that would be worth offering."

"Phew!" exclaimed I, seizing the opportunity to praise my friend's versatility, "what of your conversational and epistolary powers, your genius for music and painting, your knack at verse-making, your natural skill at billiards, whist, and chess, your—your elegant penmanship?"

At this feeble anti-climax both my auditors burst into a laugh.

"I would be willing to throw in that last article gratis," said Macknight.

"A man who appreciates his gifts so little as you do doesn't deserve to have them!" I retorted indignantly.

"Pshaw! Even granting that I possess all the elegant accomplishments you have just inventoried, what are they worth to a poverty-stricken wretch like me? Will they pay my landlord, my tailor? Doesn't every successful man—successful, I mean, in the financial sense, the only sense recognised—look down on me with indulgent pity so long as I don't owe him a shilling, and with dislike and contempt when I do? There's that last precious accomplishment you mentioned, for instance—my 'elegant penmanship.' Of what earthly value is that to a man who can't draw his cheque for a hundred pounds. The chicken-track style, which usually ornaments your ten thousand pound drafts, is far more to my taste."

"What would you sell your elegant hand for, in cash?" asked Mr. Pilgrim, in a business-like manner.

"For anything I could get."

"Would you take two hundred?"

"*Would* I? Give me the chance and see!"

Mr. Pilgrim produced a note-book and a fountain pen, wrote rapidly on a leaf, tore it out, and handed it to Macknight.

"Will you sign that?"

Macknight read:

"London, June 6th, 1890.

"In consideration of the sum of two hundred pounds, received from Peter Pilgrim, I hereby consent to give up all grace and beauty in my style of penmanship—retaining only its present legibility."

"I'd sign it in an instant if it would do any good," he sighed. Mr. Pilgrim laid a couple of bank notes on the table. "There's your money."

We both stared. My flesh began to creep.

"Look here," blurted Macknight, "I don't know how Dobson feels. He stood the mind-reading test with a good deal more equanimity than I could, but this is——. Who are you, sir, anyway?"

"It doesn't matter who I am. You have made an agreement. Are you going to stand by it?"

Macknight swallowed another glass of wine. "Hang it, here goes! Macbeth boasted that he dared what man dared. Macknight will beat Macbeth!"

He took the pen and wrote. As he did so, his face, which had been flushed, turned deathly pale, and his eyes seemed starting from their sockets.

Mr. Pilgrim took the paper. His teeth gleamed in a satisfied smile. "Would you recognise that hand?" he asked handing it to me.

I could have sworn to it at a court of justice. And yet it was the most awkward scrawl I ever saw outside of a schoolboy's copybook.

Digitized by Google

"Would you mind signing your name as witness?" pursued Mr. Pilgrim, addressing me.

My power of resistance seemed paralysed. Mechanically I signed my name, half expecting to see the miracle repeated; but, barring a little tremulousness due to my agitation of mind, my chirography was no poorer than usual.

"Thank you," said Mr. Pilgrim, carefully replacing the paper in his note-book. "Should Mr. Macknight wish any further business transactions with me, all he has to do is to write to the address on the card I sent to him."

When I awoke the next morning the whole affair seemed so unreal—so absolutely impossible, in fact—that I made up my mind it was either a hallucination attributable to too liberal an indulgence in champagne, or a cleverly-arranged hoax played upon me by Macknight and his friend. The more I thought of it the more I felt inclined to the latter view of the case; although, of course, I was still mystified by the remarkable feat of mind-reading which had been performed in my behalf.

A note received from Macknight by the morning's post in the same horrible hand I had seen last would not have shaken my conviction in the least, if it had not been for one thing—it contained his cheque for £20, a sum he had been owing me for more than a year. I confess I was considerably staggered by this circumstance, but vastly more so, a few days later, by the news that he had bought, for cash, a handsome cottage in the suburbs. After some further perplexity my mind settled down upon the only reasonable conclusion possible. He had received a legacy and was continuing his hoax upon me.

The summer vacation passed, and the evening came for the first club-dinner of the next season. Macknight, in a new evening suit, was in his place at the head of the table, but it required only a few moments for those in his immediate vicinity to discover that something unusual was the matter with him. Instead of keeping everybody in a tingle of exhilaration at his sallies, as usual, he was taciturn and sombre.

"Come, Macknight," said the vice-president at last, "what ails you? You haven't said ten words since you came."

The reply was so clumsy, so utterly stupid, that his neighbours all looked at him and then at one another in astonishment. I left my seat, went to him, and said in a low tone:

"Don't, for heaven's sake, keep up this thing any longer!"

I confess I was considerably staggered.

"Keep up what thing?"

"Acting like an idiot!"

"Don't insult *me*, Dobson!" he returned, with a blank stare. "I can buy *you* out, and a dozen more like you!"

I returned to my seat in disgust.

The cigars were lighted, the secretary's and treasurer's reports were read and approved, and the president arose to make his opening address.

"Gentlemen," he began, "I thank you for re-electing me as the president of the *Dolce Far Niente* Club. I will try to discharge the duties of the position as well as I can. As an example of what I intend to do for you, I will ask the treasurer to read this."

Here he actually broke down.

The treasurer took the slip which the president handed to him, glanced at it, raised his eyebrows with an expression of great surprise and pleasure, and read:

"London, September 28th, 1890.

"National Bank. Pay to the treasurer of the *Dolce Far Niente* Club five hundred pounds.

"MASON MACKNIGHT."

Amid the hand-clapping that followed, the president sat down with a smile of imbecile complacency. When quiet had been restored, Knowlton moved that "The honoured president's extremely liberal gift be accepted with the most cordial thanks of the club."

A dozen voices seconded the motion.

"And now," said a member at the foot of the table, "we are eagerly waiting for the rest of the president's speech."

"I have made my speech," replied Macknight. "I should suppose that five hundred pounds would—would——"

Here he actually broke down, unable even to finish his sentence coherently. Quivering with shame for him, I rose in my place and said:

"The president would imply that 'figures talk.' I think we will all agree that they have spoken eloquently to-night. Your secretary will record the inaugural of this season as the most acceptable and weighty in the archives of the *Dolce Far Niente* Club."

. . . . . .

"Have you heard the latest about poor Macknight?" Knowlton asked me the other day.

"No. But I can imagine. Has he gone crazy altogether?"

"Worse than that. He is in the W—— Lunatic Asylum."

Ah, well, if the rest of us had the opportunity to transmute ourselves into gold, where should we stop? Many a man coins body, heart, and brain without the help of Peter Pilgrim.

Digitized by Google

MME. JAMBE.

A STORY OF THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

PERHAPS you are going to find that this name is somewhat ridiculous. Do not hurry yourself to smile at it, however, for not only was she who bore it a brave woman worthy of all respect, but she was besides, on a memorable and tragic day, a true heroine.

You must first know that Mme. Jambe, or Mother Jambe, as she was called, had for a long time been canteen woman in a regiment of the line. Officers and soldiers alike venerated her, and during the quarter of a century she passed in the army there was never a day when she could have complained of having been the victim of an impertinence or a brutality.

When thirty she married a quartermaster, who was getting ready to leave the service, and who remained in the army to help his wife keep the canteen. The couple prospered.

Mother Jambe had more than one string to her bow, and knew how to employ her leisure hours profitably. She was a very clever pedicure. She had also learned to dress hair, and was able to do a service to the ladies of the officers.

After a year of marriage Mme. Jambe had a son. Agreeing with her husband, she decided that he, too, should be a soldier. At sixteen he enlisted. Already trained in the habits of military life, he had besides intelligence, judgment, a heart full of uprightness. Everybody was convinced that he would have a brilliant career.

Then her husband died and the war broke out.

During this terrible time of 1870-71 she did not succeed in sleeping more than three hours out of twenty-four. She passed weeks without knowing hardly anything, either of the progress of the war or her son.

Then, blow by blow, she knew of the defeats the French had met with, and at last she learned that the child—become a sergeant, although he was not yet eighteen—was assigned to make part of the Army of the East which was being formed under the command of General Bourbaki.

From that time, and in all kinds of weather, they saw her every day cross the few kilometres which separated Pontarlier from the village of La Cluse, or go up to the fort of Joux, which dominates the Swiss frontier. She was going for news. Unfortunately news was scarce or contradictory. The hope of a victory or deliverance was little by little extinguished.

But about the last of January suddenly the report spread abroad that the Army of the East was coming near, after having lost a battle and vainly attempted to relieve Belfort.

Here I ought, and wish, to let Mme. Jambe speak, for what follows was received from her. She related it to me some months after the event.

. . . . . .

One morning at daybreak, being still in bed, I heard some noise at the door, and then a fall of window-panes which were broken. I jumped out of bed, putting on my dress, and hurried to the door. I gave a cry, my boy was before me and behind him three of his comrades; but in what a condition! Emaciated, their cheeks hollow, their skin chapped with cold, their clothes in rags, their boots without soles.

"Ah, my poor child," said I, opening my arms.

"Mother, we must hide," he replied. "My general has charged me with carrying an order to the commander of the fort of Joux. But the Prussians bar the road; they have seen us; they are pursuing us. They must not find me."

"Eh, *parbleu*; give me your order: I will carry it myself, while you will stay here. An old woman, she can go anywhere."

I had no time to finish. A fusillade was heard and a man entered, crying:

"There are the Prussians!"

I pushed my boy and his friends into a carriage house, at the end of which, under the hay, opened the little cellar where I kept my wine. The Prussians entered. Through the open door I saw others on the road. There were more than a hundred. A young officer commanded them.

He came to me, arrogant and brutal.

"You are Mme. Jambe?"

"I am."

"Your son has just gone into this house."

"My son! He is far from here, bandits, if, however, you have left him alive for me."

"He is here. I am sure of it. Come, where is he?"

"Look for him."

He motioned, I was surrounded, unable to budge, and the soldiers began searching the house, while I was asking myself who was the miserable coward who had informed against my boy.

At last the brigands found him—him and his friends. I saw the poor children come back, pale but resolute, all covered with hay in which they had been hidden. And my son, so handsome, such flames in his eyes. Ah, he was really of my blood, that one. They searched their clothes to find the order which the general had charged them with. But the order was verbal. They could not find anything.

The officer threw himself about, fretted, mad with rage. Suddenly he said to me, covering the prisoners with a gesture of fury:

"Is your son among them?"

"He is not there. And if he were there I would not acknowledge it."

He raised his sword to me. Then they pushed us pell-mell into the road. Then he asked:

"Where is the man who informed us?"

"One of his companions has just killed him, captain," said a sergeant, pointing to a corpse I had not seen, hidden as it was by a bush.

It was the traitor, a freeshooter, who, to save his own life, had not feared to give my child's secret to the enemy. Besides, he had not waited a long time for his punishment.

"The assassin shall be shot," said the officer.

Then looking in a terrible way at some inhabitants of our village, who were trembling under the lowered bayonets, he went on:

"Does anybody know the boy Jambe? Come, answer, or I set fire to your houses."

Of all the brave people nobody answered.

"Then we are going to see," said the officer.

He gave an order in a low voice.

They bound me against the wall, while they were putting arms into the hands of my son and of his comrades.

And the officer said to them:

"You are going to obey my order and shoot that woman for me, and if you do not obey it is you who will die."

A cry of horror was raised, to which a great silence succeeded. I committed my soul to God, saying to myself that I would show these people how the French die, and I looked at my son. But he did not see me. His eyes were turned towards his comrades as if to exchange a sign.

"Lower your arms!" ordered the officer.

They obeyed.

"Aim."

They took aim at me.

"Fire!"

They faced about. A report sounded which shot five Prussians down, and among them their officer. And this report was dominated by the voice of my boy, who sprung up:

"Yes, fire, brigand, but on you and yours."

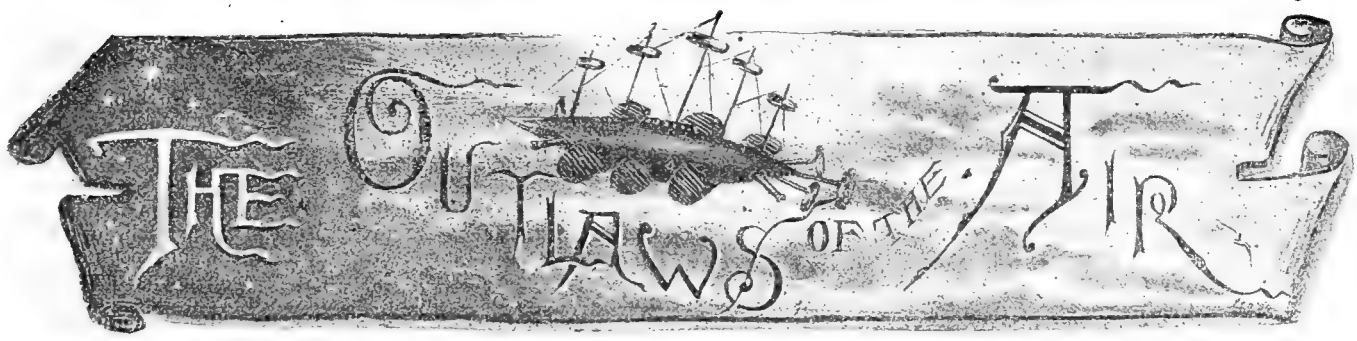
A general discharge from the exasperated Prussians replied to this stroke of audacity, and it was then that I fell struck by a bullet in my shoulder. But before fainting I had time to see that my boy was still standing.

I learned later that at the moment the guns of the fort responded. The sun, in rising, had all at once illuminated the helmet points, and the commander of the fort, judging by this mass of men seen in the distance that something was happening, had sent some balls into the crowd and dispersed the enemy. It was, besides, the guns of the fort which, some hours later, covered the retreat of the Army of the East when it passed into Switzerland.

. . . . . .

Mme. Jambe died some years after these tragic events. I recalled them the other day on learning that the son of this heroic woman, prosperously pursuing a career begun with so much brilliancy, has just been appointed commandant.

Digitized by Google



By GEORGE GRIFFITH,

Author of "The Angel of the Revolution," "The Syren of the Skies, &c."

SUMMARY.

MAX RENAULT, the leading spirit of the Anarchist "Autonomie Group No. 7," meets his colleagues in a club near the Caledonian Road on the eve of President Carnot's assassination. He shoots a traitor who has almost betrayed the Group and so saved Carnot's life. Then he tells them that he is about to emigrate with a society of Socialists, one of whom, Frederick Austen, a wealthy engineer who has been converted to Socialism, takes out with him a working model of an aerial vessel which is to enable the colonists to enforce a reign of peace on earth. This air-ship Renault determines to steal when complete, and use for the purpose of bringing about an Anarchist reign of terror instead. Meanwhile, Franz Hartog, another member of the Group, is to carry out a plot he has formed to steal a very fast torpedo boat destroyer, which is to be built at Elbing for the Russian Government, and, with her, to levy blackmail on the Atlantic, and so raise funds to build an Anarchist aerial fleet when the time comes.

On Christmas Day, 1898, the *Calypso*, a steam yacht belonging to Sir Harry Milton, a young and wealthy landowner, having been disabled in a gale and then becalmed, sights an island in the South Pacific, from which an electric launch, the *Mermaid*, puts off and tows the yacht in. Frank Markham, in command of the launch, tells Sir Harry, with whom are travelling his sister, Violet, and Herbert Wyndham, a lieutenant in the British Navy, on sick leave, that the island is Utopia, a Socialist colony, founded some three years before by emigrants from England. On the island Sir Harry finds Frederick Austen, an old friend of his father's, who introduces the visitors to Edward Adams and Max Renault and the rest of the Utopians, and after lunch tells them the story of Utopia. Later on, Lieutenant Wyndham describes the outrages committed by the pirate *Destroyer*—the vessel Hartog has stolen from Elbing—on the Atlantic, and Mr. Austen vows that if no one else can sink the *Destroyer* the Utopians will.

CHAPTER V.

ANARCHY AFTER DINNER.

A BRIEF and somewhat uncomfortable silence followed Mr. Austen's outburst of righteous indignation. Adams looked at him with an expression of surprise not unmingled with regret, and a dark flush and a most unmistakable scowl passed over Renault's swarthy features. Only for an instant, however, did he suffer his feelings to betray themselves. Even before Mr. Austen had time to notice it, the scowl had passed, and he turned to him and said in a tone that seemed intended to convey more meaning than the words he used:

"Three weeks! I'm afraid it will hardly be possible to have the *Nautilus* ready for sea by that time, and, of course, you can't refer to anything but her."

"Oh, no, of course not," replied Mr. Austen hastily, and, as Wyndham thought, rather confusedly, "Of course I referred to her, and," he continued, turning to Adams, as if for corroboration of what he said, "I certainly should have thought that she was sufficiently far advanced for us to have had her ready for sea within a month from now, and then, allowing two months for the voyage and the search for this miscreant, we surely ought to be able to run him down within three months."

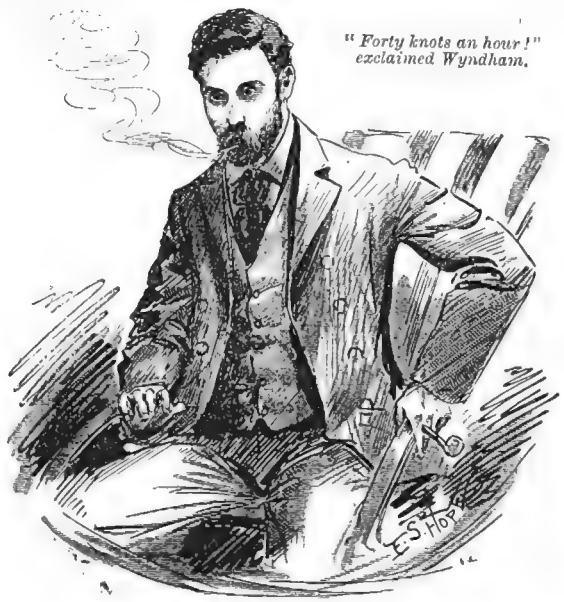
"I really don't see why we shouldn't, Renault," said Adams in reply to this. "And I don't see why I shouldn't tell you, gentlemen," he went on, turning to Sir Harry and Wyndham, "now that Mr. Austen has partly let the cat out of the bag, that the naval experiment which was mentioned down at the dockyard is a new type of sea-going warship which we are constructing, not, I can assure you, for offensive purposes, but purely for defence should it ever be necessary, and for swift transit in the meantime.

"She is a sort of combined submarine ram and torpedo boat, designed and engined on a new principle by our friend Max here. She is not submarine in the sense that she will be able to plunge entirely under the water, but if she turns out a success and ever goes into action there will be nothing of her to be seen but a small oval platform carrying her machine guns and the conning tower.

"Everything else will be from ten to twenty feet under water, and therefore beyond the reach of shot, and even if the platform got knocked to pieces she could still get away, for the engineers and crew will not be dependent on ventilation for fresh air, and she can be steered by compass, though of course not by sight, from the interior of the hull ten feet below the surface of the water. But when I say that we expect her speed to be quite forty knots an hour, you will see that there will not be very much chance of her getting knocked about."

"Forty knots an hour!" exclaimed Wyndham, sitting bolt upright in his chair and bringing his hand down on his knee with a sounding slap, "why, if I only had command of *any* boat that really would do forty knots an hour I'd stake my life on running the *Destroyer* and her red flag off the sea within ten days of the time I got fairly on to the Atlantic; and with a cruiser such as you have just described, I'd fight the fleets of the world and sink them ship by ship, if there was any necessity for me to do so. Thank heaven, she doesn't belong to any of the possible enemies of England."

"There's no telling," said Max, laughing, but not, it struck Wyndham, in a very pleasant fashion. "You know, although we have not published any declaration of independence or any theatricals of that sort, we Utopians owe no



"Forty knots an hour!" exclaimed Wyndham.

Digitized by Google

"But surely, Mr. Adams, you are not going to defend those dreadful wretches."

allegiance to any of the Governments of the world, and I suppose we should resent interference from the British Foreign Office just as readily and as forcibly as if it came from any other quarter."

"Very possible," retorted Wyndham, a trifle nettled, more at the tone than the words; "but that, if you will pardon my saying so, is hardly the question at present. Of course, I have not the slightest right even to suggest, much less to dictate in any way, to you gentlemen who have given us hospitality and are helping us out of a very considerable hole. But if you will allow me to express my candid opinion, as a man whose business it is to know something about such things as these, I should like to say that, granted that this wonderful cruiser of yours does what you expect her to do, you alone of all the people of the earth will have in your hands the means of tackling this enemy of Society—part of whose story I have been able to tell you—on equal terms, or even at some advantage, and if that is so, surely it will be your duty to Society——"

"Stop there for a moment, please," interrupted Adams a trifle warmly. "To Humanity perhaps, to Society, as you call it, no. We owe no duty to Society, and we will pay none. Society made use of us and our labour as it suited its convenience, caring less for us personally than it did for its horses, and when it had no further use for us, would have left us to starve in the gutter or the garret as the Fates might have willed it.

"That is why we are here; that is why Utopia exists. If the Brotherhood of Man which is preached about in your churches and prattled about in your parliaments were a fact instead of the mockery that it is, we should never have come out here to the ends of the world to seek the possibility of living a healthy human life without the necessity of being somebody's slave or somebody's tyrant.

"The enemies of Society are those of its own household, bred up in its own midst. Take the Anarchists for instance, those much-abused Ishmaels——"

Here Adams in his turn was interrupted, and Violet broke in:

"But surely, Mr. Adams, you are not going to defend those dreadful wretches. They are murderers of the basest sort, for they kill the innocent, who have never harmed them, for the sake of frightening those they hate. Surely people who do that are enemies, not only of Society, but of humanity at large, and ought to be stamped out like vermin wherever they are found."

Before Adams could reply, Renault, with a look of admiration in his eyes, and a just perceptible sneer on his lip, took the parable out of his mouth, and said:

"And has it never struck you, Miss Milton, that just on those very grounds there is something to be said for the despised and hated Anarchist? Will the millions of men who will be confronted in the next European war, which, for all we know, may be raging even now, have the slightest personal grudge against each other when they shoot each other down, and slash and blow each other into little pieces by thousands, making their wives widows, and their children fatherless?

"Not a bit of it! That is Anarchy by wholesale, and is called honourable warfare, waged at the call of patriotism. The work of men like Ravachol, Vaillant, and Santo, is only Anarchy by retail, a handful of men at war with the whole world, and therefore it is called outrage and murder. I can assure you, my dear young lady, that it is a difference only of name, and the proportionate strength of the two sides."

"Just so," said Violet in a tone of chilly disdain that took Renault almost as much by surprise as her words did, "I am not sufficiently sentimental to wish to deny that what we call life is a game—and a brutally played game sometimes, if you like, for the prizes which we call the good things of this life. But Society, even in warfare, plays the game according to the rules and the Anarchists do not. I can understand Mr. Adams's position; those who do not like the game can get out of it—if they can—and play what they think a fairer game among themselves; but there is neither excuse nor forgiveness for criminals like the Anarchists, who remain in Society and play the game with marked cards and loaded dice."

"I am not defending the tactics of the Anarchists," said Max in an apologetic tone, somewhat disconcerted by this unexpected facer; "I was only suggesting that there is some excuse in the very constitution of Society to be found for desperate and despairing men and women who see no hope of getting fair play——"

"And so use foul play," interrupted Sir Harry bluntly. "No, it won't do, Mr. Renault. Your case is hopeless. I hate argument and discussion, because one never gets anywhere with them, but it doesn't want any arguing to show that Society is in the right in crushing the Anarchists at any price. They are vermin, and we must kill them before they kill us. That's the first law of nature, and we must obey it.

"It is simply a matter of self-preservation, and there is no right or wrong about it. If you have a house, and another man wants to blow you and it sky-high because he hasn't one, you have to kill that man or lock him up to save yourself, and there's an end of it—at least, that's what I should do if I could."

"And then again," said Wyndham, returning to the charge, "you are hopelessly out in your analogy between warfare and Anarchy. Your Anarchist murders without mercy and strikes without warning. What do you suppose would happen to, say, France if, in a time of profound peace, a French fleet turned up off Brighton or Eastbourne, and proceeded to bombard it without any declaration of war?

"Why, even in time of war, an act like that would put the nation that was guilty of it outside the pale of civilisation; but to do it in time of peace would be a crime against international law that every other nation in Europe would combine to punish, just as we punish piracy or slave-trading.

"Let us suppose that this *Destroyer* has been stolen and is manned by Anarchists, as I daresay she is after all——"

"Very likely," said Renault quietly. "I always wondered why they didn't do something like that; it would all be in the game, as Miss Milton calls it."

"Certainly," retorted Wyndham, who was just on the point of losing his temper, "from the sharper's point of view——"

"Look here, Wyndham," said Sir Harry, getting up and indulging in a modified stretch, "don't you think we've had about enough of this academics and Anarchy? We've something a lot better to do than fire syllogisms at each other while we've got Utopia to explore and the *Calypso* to look

Digitized by Google

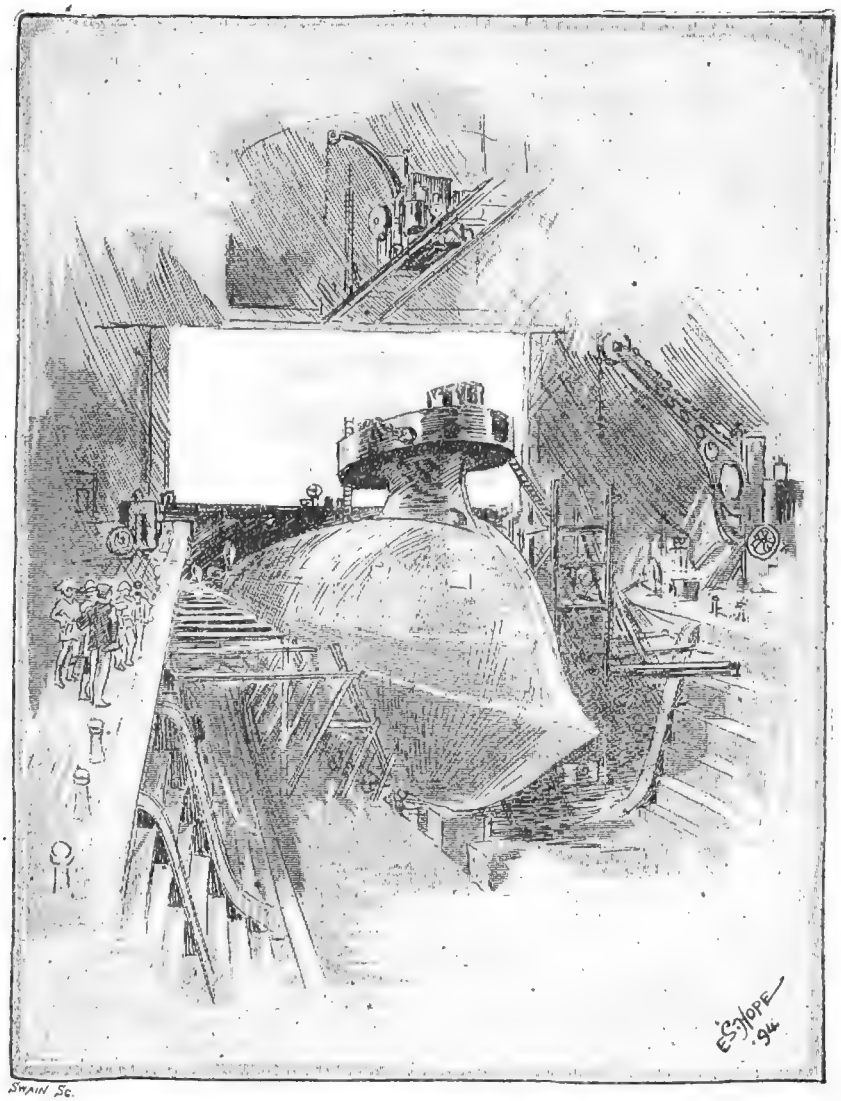
after. Hang pirates and Anarchists, metaphorically as well as literally. Wouldn't it be more to the purpose if, instead of jawing here, you were to place your professional skill and experience at the service of these gentlemen in getting the *Nautilus* ready for sea?"

"Of course it would, if they'll only accept them," replied the Lieutenant getting up with an air of relief as though he had had quite enough of polemics, "I'm theirs to command if they think I can be of any use."

"Of course you will," said Adams, rising with the rest of the party. "Frankly, we didn't intend to tell you anything about the existence of the *Nautilus*, for fear our intentions might have been misunderstood; but what you have told us about this pirate and his doings makes it quite a different matter. We shall be glad of all the help we can get. Will you come down to the dockyard now and have a look at the *Nautilus*?"

Both the Lieutenant and Sir Harry jumped at the invitation to see the mysterious craft from which such great things were hoped, but on the way down to the jetty, where the launch was waiting for them, Violet was captured by Dora Merton, and another *Mermaid*, and carried off, by no means unwillingly, to afternoon tea and to chat on more congenial subjects than ship-building and machinery.

Renault had apparently quite recovered his equanimity, and chatted in the most friendly and open fashion with both Sir Harry and Wyndham on the subject of the *Nautilus*, and with apparent frankness expressed himself as glad to have the benefit of the naval officer's practical experience in putting the last touches to the craft, and equipping her for the campaign.



"The Nautilus."

When they once more landed at the dockyard and had gained admission to the shed, which before had been closed to them, they found themselves alongside the hull of a vessel which Wyndham's practised eye saw at a glance formed a very considerable advance on the ideas in vogue in the naval arsenals of Europe and America. A long, narrow hull, shaped as nearly as possible on the model of a mackerel's body, carried, supported by a sharply oval structure on the back, a larger and still more elongated oval platform, with a low, heavily armoured conning tower situated at the forward end

Three four-bladed propellors projected from the stern and quarters, one in the line of the keel, and the others from the quarters, diverging slightly outwards from the middle line.

"Now," said Renault, after the two visitors had taken a bird's eye view of the whole exterior, "if you'll allow me, I'll act as showman and explain her points to you. This hull is 250 feet long, 30 feet deep, and 25 feet wide in its largest dimensions, which you see are not amidships but rather towards the head.

"It is made of mild steel throughout, with the exception of the ram, which is faced with Harveyised nickel steel hard enough to pierce or tear ordinary iron or steel plates as if they were no tougher than brown paper. When you get inside, you'll see that, in addition to her twenty-four water-tight compartments, she's very much strengthened towards the bow, so as to give her the greatest possible resisting power when she is striking her blow.

"These slides that you see cover the apertures for the underwater torpedo tubes. There are eight of them, two forward, two aft, and two in each broadside. The gun deck there is the only part of her that will be visible when she's in deep water fighting trim. It stands ten feet above the hull, so that when the hull is entirely submerged—as it will be—there will only be a freeboard of about seven feet; and as the deck itself is only forty feet long by fifteen in its greatest breadth, there won't be much to shoot at."

"No," said Wyndham, "she'll be a very ugly customer in anything like smooth water; but I don't see how you are going to fight your guns in anything like a sea, for the deck would be swept fore and aft by almost every wave."

"So it would," said Renault, "and we should let it be. The guns will all be mounted on disappearing carriages, and, as you will see when you get on deck—where we may as well go right away now—can be brought completely under cover, so that in heavy weather the craft would simply be a torpedo ram with nothing to shoot at but the bare platform and the conning tower."

So saying, he led the way up a ladder on to the deck, which Wyndham found already fitted ready for the reception of what when mounted would be a formidable armament of quick-firing cannon and machine guns, all of which, when in position, would, as Renault explained, be capable of being lowered out of sight and under shelter by means of the dis-

Digitized by Google

appearing carriages working through sections of the deck, covered with steel slides.

"We haven't got our guns yet," said Adams, in reply to a query from Sir Harry. "They, and the torpedo armament, are being made at Elswick, but we expect them to be ready by the time we get the *Nautilus* home to receive them."

"Oh, then you are going to take her home?" said Wyndham.

"Yes," replied Adams, "I think so. We were intending to have them brought out in the steamer that you see lying on the opposite side of the basin," he continued, pointing to a trim-looking craft of about 2,000 tons, "but, in view of the urgency of this business, and the high speed that we hope the *Nautilus* will show, I think there will be a great saving, especially in time, if we take the ship to her guns, instead of bringing them out here to her. Don't you think so, Mr. Austen?"

"Oh, by all means! It'll mean a saving of quite two months, if not more, and we haven't a day to lose while that scoundrel is at large. As soon as ever we can get her into the water and put her through her paces we must start for England, and get her to work as soon as possible."

"Bravo!" said Wyndham, "and when she goes may I go with her, if I only go as cabin boy or stoker's mate."

"You certainly won't go as the latter," said Renault, "simply because our engines don't want stoking."

"The day of steam is already past."

"What!" exclaimed the Lieutenant. "Then they are not steam engines. No, of course. What a fool I am! I ought to have seen that you have no funnels. What are they—gas, electric, or what?"

"Neither," said Renault, moving towards an open slide from which a companion-way led down into the interior of the vessel. "But come along, you shall see them for yourself."

CHAPTER VI.

A VISION IN THE SKY.

THE engine-room of the *Nautilus* was situated in the after-section of the hull, about half-way between the stern and the midships line of the vessel. It was a long, narrow compartment, forty feet long by fifteen broad, and divided into three longitudinal sections, each of which contained what looked to Wyndham like a vertical engine of the quadruple-expansion type. A second glance, however, convinced him that they must be something essentially different, for there were no steampipes and no indications of the presence of either boilers or furnaces. As far as could be seen, steam was not the motive power at all. To set this question at rest the Lieutenant turned to Max and said:

"This is certainly no steam-engine. But where do you generate your motive power?"

"The day of steam is already past for the engineer who stands at the high-water mark of his craft," replied Max with just a suspicion of superiority in his tone. "This is a gas-motor, not worked by ignition of inflammable gas as in the old-fashioned engines, but by the deflagration of a solid salt by means of the electric spark.

"You see this steel box at the side of the high-pressure cylinder. That is the explosion chamber. From there the products of the explosion pass through the cylinders in turn, doing their maximum of work in each, and in that chamber at the end they are collected and condensed, and then, with the addition of other chemicals, they can be used to manufacture new supplies of what I may call our motor-fuel."

"Why that's precious like the old idea of perpetual motion!" exclaimed Wyndham, looking almost incredulously at the engineer, "You get your energy from your chemical at one end of the engine, and at the other you collect it again and use it over and over almost indefinitely, I suppose."

"Not quite indefinitely," chimed in Mr. Austen. "You see we can't use all the products of combustion for recombination, and we have to add new materials each time. Still, I think we effect a net saving of about fifty per cent., that is, we can use our fuel one and a half times over, and as our engines give ninety-five per cent. of the explosive energy in actual work, you will understand that we shall be able to travel enormous distances with a very small expenditure of fuel, that is, of course, in comparison with a steamer's expenditure of coal or petroleum."

"Oh, quite so," said the Lieutenant; "it will make a perfect revolution in marine engineering if it ever gets known, as I suppose it must do some day——"

"Unless Max and I die with the secret of the explosive in our possession," replied Mr. Austen with a meaning smile, which warned Wyndham not to ask the question that was on his lips. So, instead of doing that, he said:

"Of course, I have neither the right nor the desire to pry into secrets that don't concern me, and so I will just say that this motor-fuel of yours would be worth a good many pounds a ton for driving torpedo boats and high-speed cruisers; but I suppose there is no harm in my asking the amount of horse-power you expect to get out of these three engines?"

"None at all," said Renault. "You see they are of rather peculiar construction, and the cylinders are a good deal stronger than the ordinary steam-cylinder. That is because they have to bear a very much greater pressure. Each of the engines is calculated to work up to a maximum efficiency of fifteen-thousand horse-power."

"Fifteen thousand each!" exclaimed Wyndham. "Forty-five thousand gross! Why, it seems incredible that such a tremendous power should be locked up in such a small space as this."

"Nevertheless, it is true," replied Renault. "You see that is the difference between waste and economy. I needn't tell you how much power you would get of the modern steam-engine if you could only make ninety-five per cent. of the thermo-dynamic energy of the coal effective."

"Oh, no; I quite see what you mean. It is all a matter of economy. And now may I ask to whom is due the honour of the discovery of this marvellous motor fuel?"

Mr. Austen and Renault exchanged a glance, and then the former said:

"I think that is about equally divided between us. The fuel is really a modification of a discovery that my poor Fred made when he was working on something else not very long before his death. Max and I worked it out as an adaptation to the engines of such a craft as this; and we designed the engines between us, though it is only right to confess that the credit of their high efficiency is mainly due to friend Max."

After examining somewhat more closely the details of the strangely simple machinery that was to drive the *Nautilus* at such an astonishing speed through the water, Sir Harry and the Lieutenant left the engine-room and were taken over the other parts of the ship. They were shown living rooms for a crew of sixty men and officers, comfortably furnished saloons, smoking-rooms, magazines, torpedo-rooms, gas and water chambers for raising and lowering the hull, refrigerators for food, apparatus for oxygenating the respired air, a laboratory for the preparation of fresh supplies of motor-fuel, electric light installations, and, in short, everything that skill and ingenuity could provide for the efficiency of the wonderful cruiser, and the comfort of those whose lot it would be to navigate her.

The hull and engines had been made in England and sent out

Digitized by Google

o Utopia—the former, of course, in sections—in the steamer that had brought out the second party of colonists. Different parts had been made by different firms, and all due precautions had been taken to conceal their real destination. All the work of actual building had been done upon the island by the most skilful mechanics in the colony, under the constant supervision of Mr. Austen and Max Renault—to the latter of whom, and not entirely in the interests of the colony of Utopia, it was due that the *Nautilus* had been built at all.

He had furnished most of the plans for the hull and armament, as well as the skilfully specious arguments which had persuaded Mr. Austen and Adams that such a cruiser, in addition to being of immense use to the colony for pacific purposes, would be of still greater value in the time of war. How completely he had succeeded in this respect was proved by a conversation which took place on the deck of the *Mermaid*, which had come round to bring the party back from the dockyards to the settlement when the inspection of the *Nautilus* was over.

"This is a very marvellous craft of yours," said Sir Harry to the three Utopians generally; "but what I find more marvellous even than the vessel itself is the fact of finding her here in Utopia, where one would naturally expect to find nothing but the arts of peace in vogue."

He spoke in a half joking tone, but Adams, who answered him, did so much more seriously.

"Yes," he said, "that is so; but it is just because we believe in the arts of peace and mean them to flourish here that we are creating the means of protecting ourselves."

"But, my dear sir," exclaimed Wyndham, looking at him with an incredulous smile, "what on earth have you got to protect yourselves against? Really, I can't see that you stand in much danger of being attacked by any one in an out-of-the-way part of the world like this."

"In the first place," replied Adams, "our Utopia is beautiful, and will some day be very rich. You know, as well as I do, the fatal attraction that beauty and wealth have for those Powers which indulge in a mission for 'protecting' just such out-of-the-way parts of the world as this. Then again, now that the Panama Canal is at last completed, a few months will see the establishment of the Southampton and Panama route from England to New Zealand and Australia.

"Utopia is not known now, except to us and you, but then it will be almost in the track of the Panama and Auckland steamers, and will practically command the route. Now, when you have seen a little more of this island, you will agree with me that, with a very little trouble and expense, it could be converted into a perfect ocean fortress, absolutely impregnable to any assault from the sea, and, at the same time, containing accommodation enough to shelter and even to refit a very considerable fleet. In short, it might easily be made the Malta of the South Seas."

"So it might, of course, and a magnificent position it would be, too!" exclaimed Wyndham. "Why, it would command all the East to West routes to Australasia, and a strong squadron stationed here in time of war would practically command the South Pacific."

"Just so," replied Adams, "and that is just what we don't want. We were here first, and we propose to stop here. We have no more desire to be protected than we have to be annexed. As Mr. Austen has told you this afternoon, we have no politics at home and no policy abroad, and we don't want any.

"Hence, if a French or German, yes, or even a British warship were to turn up here some fine morning, and send a boat ashore to discover the island and hoist the Tricolour, the Red, White, and Black, or the Union Jack on the bluffs yonder, we should say 'no,' and we want to have the power of saying 'no' in such a way as would overcome any objections that might be raised to the refusal."

"But you are Englishmen yourselves," said Wyndham, his patriotism a trifle nettled by the dry uncompromising tone in which the last few sentences were spoken, "surely you don't mean to say that if a British cruiser on the Pacific station were to put in here, and the captain came ashore to hoist the Union Jack in the name of the Queen, that you would offer forcible resistance?"

"Most decidedly we should," replied Adams, almost sternly, "we should entertain him hospitably, supply him with anything that he wanted, and we could give him, and then we should politely ask him to go about his business and leave us to ours. This is no part of the British or any other Empire, and it isn't going to be, if we can help it."

A little group of picturesquely clad Utopian damsels.

"But suppose," objected Sir Harry, "that he did what would be his plain duty to do, under the circumstances, and took possession of the island by force? You could hardly expect him to recognise you as an independent State. I haven't the slightest desire to speak offensively, you know, and I'm simply asking for information. He would be infringing no National rights, and, if the possession of the island were necessary to the protection of a line of British connections with the British colonies, it would be his duty to take it, if only to prevent it falling into hostile hands."

"He might not be infringing National rights," said Adams warmly, "but he would be infringing personal rights, and that we should not allow him to do. Of course, I am aware it may sound to you rather like idle boasting, but I can assure you that if he didn't take the twenty-four hours' notice to quit that we should give him, neither he nor his cruiser would ever be heard of again."

"Possibly so," said Wyndham, "if that terrible *Nautilus*

Digitized by Google

of yours does what you expect her to do, and had all her armament on board; because I am quite aware that she could sink any war-ship that floats inside half-an-hour. But how if the cruiser turned up before she is ready for work, or while she was absent, how then?"

"It would still be done," said Adams in a tone that warned Wyndham that the controversy had gone as far as his courtesy could permit it to go under the circumstances.

"But you must pardon me if I beg you not to ask how we should do it."

This of course brought the conversation to a sudden stop, so far as that topic was concerned; and as it happened, just at that moment the *Mermaid* ran in alongside the jetty, and Violet—her trim conventional European costume looking quaintly conspicuous in the midst of a little group of picturesquely clad Utopian damsels—came down to welcome them ashore.

"Harry," she said, as her brother and Wyndham stepped on to the jetty, "this is quite a fairy-land, and I think I shall stop here. Dora here has promised to take me for a sister, and——"

"I wish to goodness she would," blurted out Sir Harry, with an unexpected abruptness that brought a sudden startled look into Miss Dora's soft brown eyes, and a bright flush to her pretty cheeks, "because in that case, you know——"

They watched the strange, swiftly moving thing

"Oh, don't talk nonsense, you silly fellow!" interrupted Violet, in time to save him from further and possibly fatal indiscretion. "Of course, I didn't mean that. Surely, you can't be presumptuous enough to think that one of the princesses of this enchanted realm is going to look with favour upon such a commonplace person as yourself. I always thought you were a modest sort of creature, but I suppose the air of this paradise has intoxicated you."

"As it apparently has you, my dear Violet," retorted Sir Harry, "or else you wouldn't talk such arrant nonsense."

"We came to tell you that dinner is ready," said Dora in such a primly demure tone that the conversation ended in a general laugh, and after that they set out for the settlement, abjuring dangerous topics for the rest of the way.

A good deal later on in the evening, about half-past ten or eleven, Sir Harry and the Lieutenant, after a long chat with Adams and Mr. Austen, who had seen them home to the door of the bungalow which had been placed at their service, started out for a stroll up towards the hills, instead of going to bed, so that they might indulge in a quiet smoke together and an uninterrupted chat over the strange adventures that had befallen them, and the still stranger things which they had seen and learned since sunrise.

The night was so deliciously cool, the landscape was softened down to such an alluring dimness by the dusk of the tropic night, and the scent of the fruits and flowers had such an inviting charm, that they wandered on smoking and chatting without any thought of how time was passing until the path which they had been following opened out on a clearing that formed the summit of a low spur of the foot-hills branching out from the chain running from Mount Plato to the northern bluffs.

There they stopped, and threw themselves down on the short soft turf to admire in leisurely fashion the beauties of the dimly star-lit picture of sea and land, mountain, vale and plain that lay spread out before them.

"Yes, truly," said Wyndham, "it is a lovely land, and much to be desired, even if it is somewhat of a land of mystery. I can't say that I blame friend Adams for wanting to keep it out of the hands of Empire-makers and land-grabbers with patriotic designs, even if they happen to be British. Hullo, what's that? Look, Milton, look!—over yonder, above that line of hills!"

The last words were uttered in a half-whispered tone of intense astonishment and almost of awe, and, as he spoke them, Wyndham grasped Sir Harry by the arm and pointed to where the ridge of the opposite line of hills, about two miles away, was sharply defined against the star-lit sky. Sir Harry's eyes followed the direction of his finger, and soon saw a sight that made him catch his breath and hold it in dumb amazement.

Something was moving swiftly along the ridge of hills about five hundred feet from its summit. The night was too dark and the distance was too great for them to make it out very distinctly, but, as it swept along, apparently at an almost incredible speed, they could see the stars behind it blotted out and reappear.

With straining eyes, and without a word spoken between them, they watched the strange, swiftly moving thing. Suddenly it doubled on its track. It had been moving towards the sea, and now it turned in a wide, graceful sweep. It followed the curve of the mountain, crossed the valley, as it seemed, in a single majestic leap, and then turned again and swept down out of the dusky distance, so close to where they were lying that they could hear a soft whirring, whistling sound as it clove the air. It passed within three hundred yards of them, turned again, and then, making a magnificent upward curve, soared over the ridge of hills, and vanished into space beyond them.

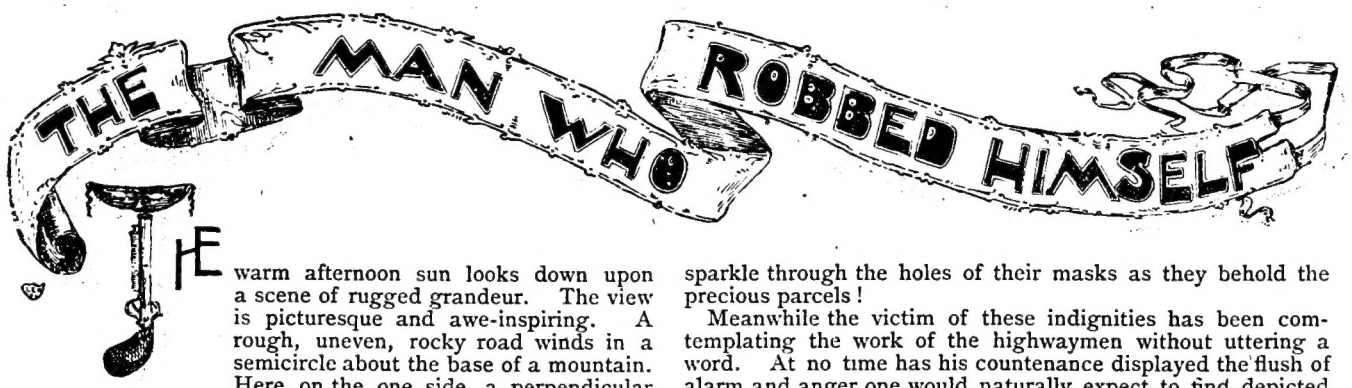
"Great heavens!" almost gasped Wyndham. "I was right in calling this a land of mystery, and Adams was right when he said that they could hold the island against all comers. Good God! they might terrorise the whole world, if they liked. That was an air-ship. The great problem is solved at last!

"Look here, Milton, if they find out that we've seen that thing, they'll never let us out of this island alive, good fellows and all as they seem, so we'd better keep our mouths shut until we can see what's to be done. Poor old England! She won't be mistress of the seas much longer if a colony of irresponsible Socialists can raise a fleet of ships like that thing."

"I'm afraid not," said Sir Harry, in a tone of unwonted seriousness. "I wonder how the deuce they got hold of a secret that all the world has been hunting after for centuries. Let's go home, and sleep on it, for, as the Russians say, the morning is wiser than the evening."

(To be continued.)

Digitized by Google



THE warm afternoon sun looks down upon a scene of rugged grandeur. The view is picturesque and awe-inspiring. A rough, uneven, rocky road winds in a semicircle about the base of a mountain. Here, on the one side, a perpendicular wall of rock looms up to an amazing height; on the other are hills, with here and there a few scattering clumps of undergrowth. It is Scotland many years ago.

A rumbling sound breaks the quietude, and a moment later the lumbering mail coach comes in sight. As the driver cracks the long lash of his whip, urging the horses to increased speed, the vehicle sways to and fro in a manner which must prove uncomfortable to its passengers. Now it gives a greater lurch as it swings sharply to the right, round a projection at the base of the mountain, and an unlooked-for thing occurs.

"Halt!"

The peremptory command has an unmistakable ring of determination, and the sight of half-a-dozen pistols levelled in his direction causes the surprised driver to pull up his horses to a sudden standstill.

Conscious that something unusual has occurred, the passengers within the vehicle exchanged alarmed glances. There are two of them—both men—and they are an oddly assorted pair; one is a bronzed and bearded fellow, whose looks, speech, and general air indicate that he is a Highland peasant; the other a refined and dignified man, attired in the conventional black of a clergyman. He is young, and no doubt unused to his present surroundings and mode of travel.

Understanding the hasty glance his companion has shot him, a look of dismay and indignation flashes across the clergyman's face, and he makes a quick movement with his right hand in the direction of his hip pocket. With a significantly imperative gesture the other promptly checks the action.

"'Tain't no use," he says hastily but decidedly. "It's Dangerfield, the gentleman highwayman."

The words of caution have the desired effect; the look of anger on the face of the clergyman immediately gives way to one of surprise. The man who has spoken notices the change and is unable to account for it. Whether the bandit's name is familiar to him, or whether the mention of the word "gentleman" gives him assurance, the peasant is at a loss to know.

He is about to make a further remark, but the door of the coach is flung open with a bang, and an ugly-looking pistol is thrust through the aperture.

"Get down and out," orders the desperado who holds the weapon, in a voice sternly authoritative. "Hurry along, parson. Be quick, and no harm will come to you."

There is nothing to be gained by disobeying, and the clergyman clambers out of the coach, following upon the heels of his fellow-passenger. As they reach the ground the muzzle of a pistol is thrust into the face of each, and Dangerfield's command of "hands up" is obeyed without a word.

Hastily relieving both passengers of their weapons, Dangerfield secures the minister's gold watch and chain, then proceeds to search his clothing, prosecuting the work with a thoroughness and despatch which bespeak his experience in such matters.

He is not long in discovering that several packages are securely sewn up within the lining of the clergyman's vest, and it is the work of but another moment to ascertain that they are packages of bank notes. How the eyes of the robbers sparkle through the holes of their masks as they behold the precious parcels!

Meanwhile the victim of these indignities has been contemplating the work of the highwaymen without uttering a word. At no time has his countenance displayed the flush of alarm and anger one would naturally expect to find depicted upon the face of one who is being relieved of a fortune. A frown mantles his fine features, but it amounts to little else than a look of contempt.

"The money is not my property," he says, addressing himself to the leader. "It was entrusted to me for delivery to its owner, whose whereabouts I have been seeking to discover."

"I think you have found him," returns Dangerfield, sententiously, and the remark elicits a hearty laugh from the other highwaymen.

"In this instance might is right," the clergyman responds, looking fixedly into the robber's eyes. "Yet the heart-broken mother who entrusted to me the care of that money, bidding me to deliver it to her wayward boy, would hardy be satisfied with the transaction."

Dangerfield starts slightly, but answers carelessly:

"You have done what you could, so console yourself with that thought. As for the boy, no doubt he is a rich man by this time, and does not need the money. We make fortunes fast in these days."

"So I perceive," says the other, dryly.

Dangerfield turns away with an impatient movement. While this conversation has been going on the remaining passenger has been standing by, gazing upon the scene in open-mouthed wonder. He is next searched, after which the light baggage of both men is overhauled. Nothing, however, is taken except a large envelope tied about with red tape, which Dangerfield finds in the clergyman's bag. Without stopping to examine its contents, he places it in the inner pocket of his coat.

Apparently satisfied with the result of their work, the bandits toss the firearms belonging to their victims into the coach and the leader orders the pair to clamber in; then the driver is commanded to "let 'er go," and the cumbersome vehicle goes rumbling down the rough road, followed by several harmless pistol shots.

"They got but little booty from me," ventures the peasant when the scene of the robbery has faded away in the distance, "but you!" he broke off inquiringly.

"Well," replied the clergyman, with an air which does not exhibit much concern, "I do not mourn my loss, under the circumstances, as much as I regret some other matters."

He does not volunteer an explanation, and the first speaker is disinclined to question him, though greatly mystified by his inexplicable conduct. To all appearances the minister has become deeply interested in the beautiful landscape without, and with an almost inaudible expression of wonderment, the other lapses into silence.

Dangerfield and his comrades are not long in mounting their horses and leaving the scene of their latest depredation.

On and on they ride, now travelling at a brisk pace through beautiful valleys hemmed in by massive walls of rock, now making their way cautiously over dangerous mountain passes; on and on until the sun has sunk from sight, and its golden glory has faded from the western sky.

At last the party comes to a halt in the very heart of a wild and desolate region. A skilfully hidden aperture at the base of a cliff leads to a subterranean cavern, whither the men betake themselves, after dismounting and turning their horses loose in the valley below.

Digitized by Google

"Well, boys," says Dangerfield, who had been gloomy and silent throughout the journey, "let us have supper, for I am as hungry as a bear! Then we will attend to business."

In a remarkably short space of time a fire is lighted, and a few minutes later the evening meal is prepared. It is a meagre spread, but the hungry men eat heartily and with evident relish.

Dangerfield is a young man, possessed of a clean-shaven, pleasing countenance, though one that bespeaks weakness of character, well built, and dressed in a suit of some black material, which has not seen much service. The others are not so neatly dressed. They are rough, bearded fellows, whose speech and manner set them in decided contrast with their leader; it is easy to perceive that the latter is looked up to and admired by his comrades, and is a favourite with them.

The meal concluded, the plunder which has so easily fallen into the hands of the band is produced. The packages of bank notes are first given attention, surprise and delight beaming from every countenance as the money is counted. It is scarcely ten minutes before the work is finished.

"Now, men, listen to me," says Dangerfield, when the first noisy congratulations are over. "We've made enough money to-day to enable us to live honest lives. Suppose we break up and once more turn respectable? I, for one, am tired of this sort of thing, and want to get out of it. What say you all?"

No one speaks for a few moments; then Jake Hawkins, the son of a Lancashire miner, slowly answers:

"Well, cap'n, we'll think of it overnight. Ye see, we're old hands, and it's hard to do what we know nothin' about. You're different from the rest; you have friends in London—a father and mother, perhaps—and came to us because you were starved out, and were ashamed to write to 'em. I saw the words of that preacher chap touched ye. I'm about right, I reckon?"

Dangerfield answers with a nod—speech seems impossible.

"All right, we won't hinder ye. Leave us if ye wanter; but we can't promise anything in a hurry, can we, boys? Say no more just now, cap'n. Leave us to think about it; and you'd better think too. Now, who's for a game of cards?"

Dangerfield says nothing further; but he will neither play nor drink, and soon stretches himself at full length upon a blanket and sinks into a light, dream-haunted sleep.

Some hours after he awakes with a start; his thoughts revert to the events of the day. He is unable to account for the strange indescribable feeling which possesses him. What did the clergyman's significant words and manner mean?

"The papers!" he exclaims, springing to his feet as a sudden thought occurs to him. "Why did I not think of them before?"

The candles have burned to their sockets and gone out leaving the place in darkness. Dangerfield lights a fresh one and sets it on the table. Then he takes from his pocket the packet of papers found in the minister's bag, unties the ribbon which secures it, and brings to light several legal-looking documents, and a small envelope, securely sealed.

"Frank Dangerfield!" he falters, reading the name written in bold characters upon the envelope.

"Am I dreaming or have my senses forsaken me?"

He throws himself into a chair, and hurriedly but with trembling hands breaks the seal and draws forth the contents of the package—two sheets of note paper closely written, and blotted here and there. One glance at the chirography and the man recoils as if dealt a mortal blow, clutching desperately at the table before him. His face is deathly pale, his breath comes in laboured gasps, and his eyes fill with tears as he reads the following:

"My dear lost Son,—I am told that I am about to die, but I shall try to write a letter to you, in the hope that it may some time be delivered into your hands. Your sudden departure was a severe blow. Your poor father survived it but a few days, and I—I have waited for tidings of you in vain. May you, my dear boy, never know the torture I have endured during the past months! Frank, how could you bring such trouble upon us because a silly, frivolous girl proved false? We have loved you all your life, she had but for an hour, yet you broke our hearts for her sake. My boy, I tremble for one who has shown himself so weak; how can you withstand temptation! But neither reproaches nor grief will bring you to me, and I must try to be strong.

"I want to say this: All the property shall be yours; I shall turn it into money, and leave it in the care of a distant relative. I sent for him, and he is here. I have asked him to find you if he has to search the whole broad country over, and pray God you are still in that Highland district that this may reach you. He has promised me, and a great burden is lifted from my heart. My dear, my only son, I cannot see to write more. You will be alone in the world, but I commend you to the keeping of God. May He comfort and help you to be strong and do right. A kiss, and good-bye.—Your devoted and heart-broken MOTHER."

With a face which seems to have suddenly grown old, Dangerfield sits at the table, gazing fixedly at the letter. His mother dead—his kind, patient mother, whose only fault was her overfondness for him! He could not believe it. Oh, to live the past over again!

For an hour he sits there; then with a look of sudden determination he rises to his feet.

"I must leave here at once!" he says. "It is not too late. I may yet redeem the past. Mother, mother, your prayers shall be answered!"

He glances about him. His companions are sleeping soundly, oblivious of what is transpiring. The sight seems to bring to his thoughts another aspect of his misfortune.

"I have shared my fortune with them," he mutters, "given them thousands which rightfully were my own. Shall I acquaint them with my story, furnishing proof of its truth? No—the money may help them to lead honest lives, in spite of Jake's words. They have risked what I have risked, braved dangers as I have braved them. We have shared the spoils as we shared the dangers equally. The money is theirs."

The envelope addressed to himself has fallen from his nerveless grasp to the floor of rock beneath his feet. He gathers up the letter and other documents without further examination, and hastily thrusts them into his pocket. Then, with an expression of unspeakable sadness upon his face, he casts a last lingering look about him, dons his hat, and quits the cave.

The pure mountain air cools his aching head and seems to revive his drooping spirits, but his step is as the step of an intoxicated man. With little difficulty he finds his horse, and in a moment he has adjusted the saddle and bridle; then, in the grey light that heralds the break of day, he mounts the animal and turns his face towards the south. He has been waiting these many years for his father's fortune, and now he has robbed himself of his lawful due, and with his own hands given it away.

FIRST ISSUE of PEARSON'S LIBRARY

A Complete Novel,

ENTITLED—

A Girl Without a Name.

(Published, Friday, September 28th.)

PRICE SIXPENCE. 100 ILLUSTRATIONS.

POSTAL RATES.

SHORT STORIES will be sent direct from these offices, post free, to any country within the Postal Union, at the following rates, prepaid:—

One Year	6s. 6d.
Half Year	3s. 3d.
Three Months	1s. 8d.

Printed and Published by C. ARTHUR PEARSON, at "Pearson's Weekly" Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Digitized by Google

ENAMELLED COPPER ✱ LETTERS

FOR

TRADESMEN'S WINDOWS, FASCIAS, SIGNS, OR TABLETS.

The Durability, Elegance, and Striking Brilliancy of these have earned for them the reputation of being the

Most Effective Medium

of all kinds of Indoor and Outdoor Advertisements.

ENAMELLED IRON PLATES

SWINGING SIGNS IN GREAT VARIETY.

Call and see our Stock, or send for Price Lists.

(Near the Farringdon Road Station.)

INVENTORS AND MANUFACTURERS. AGENTS WANTED.

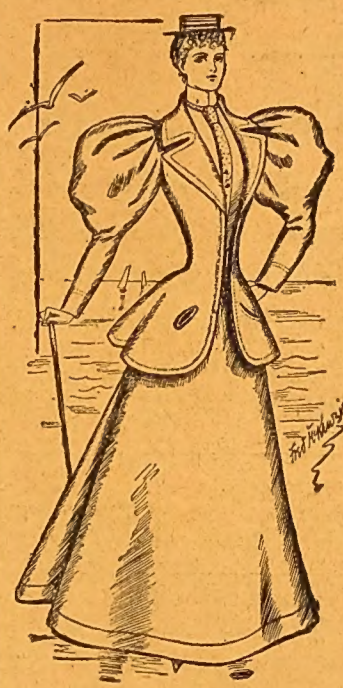
Only Address—

61, FARRINGDON ROAD, E.C.

ANOTHER GREAT SUCCESS!

Direct from the Largest Firm of Costume Manufacturers in the World, AT LESS THAN HALF ORDINARY PRICES.

OVER EIGHT HUNDRED WORKERS EMPLOYED.



The most remarkable of all the costumes that have ever been produced is the one here illustrated; it is undoubtedly the most popular style of the season, and has been generally adopted as

A LADY'S HOLIDAY SUIT.

THESE SUITS ARE MADE IN THE JOHN NOBLE CHEVIOT SERGE (REGD.) IN NAVY BLUE OR BLACK. ALSO IN FASHIONABLE GREY OR DRAB HOMESPUN MIXTURES, AND NAVY OR DRAB TWILL DRILL, each suit consisting of a smart shape open coat or jacket—stylishly cut, beautifully made with two pockets, and finished all round edge of coat with special quality silk cord—together with a wide bell-shape costume skirt trimmed to match jacket. The jacket fits closely to the back of the figure, and remains gracefully open in front. These two garments, viz.,

15/-

JACKET AND SKIRT COMPLETE

form at once a smart, stylish, and yet most useful outfit for wearing with a blouse or cambric shirt, and are offered for the amazingly low price of 15s. Ladies are asked to consider what this means: a really well-made fashionable outfit that any lady might be pleased to wear, made without the slightest approach to sweating, and yet supplied complete

FOR FIFTEEN SHILLINGS.

Every garment is made in the firm's large, airy, and perfectly appointed workrooms, and is surely value that will please every lady in the land.

When ordering please state measurement across back from shoulder to shoulder, also length from neck to waist at back. The sizes kept in stock will fit any figure up to 38 ins. round bust under arms. Larger or special sizes 1s. 6d. extra. Each suit is packed in strong leather board box, and sent carriage paid for 9d. extra.

THE JOHN NOBLE HALF-GUINEA COSTUMES,

made from the JOHN NOBLE CHEVIOT SERGE (Regd.), a fabric of great durability and world-wide fame, and supplied complete for the ridiculously low price of 10s. 6d. each.

10/6

COSTUMES FOR YOUNG MISSES 8/9, KNOCKABOUT FROCKS from 1/6.

*** PATTERNS, also Illustrated "Book of the Serge," and Fashion Sheet of other Costumes for Ladies' and Children's Wear sent POST FREE to any reader of *Short Stories* on application.

JOHN NOBLE, Ltd., The Warehouse, 11, Piccadilly, MANCHESTER.

A SIGNAL SUCCESS.

"'Tis not in mortals to command success, but we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it."

THE PEARSON POTTERY CO., HANLEY,

Are Selling Fast the Most Wonderful Package of Crockery in the World.

100 Pieces

for £1 1s. 0d.

A beautiful Dinner Service of 50 pieces is guaranteed **Worth the Guinea alone,** consequently a Charming China Tea Service, and a useful Collection of Crockery, are given **FOR NOTHING.**

Thousands sold all over the world. Everybody not only satisfied but amazed at the quantity and quality given.

The Secret of the Success.—The PEARSON POTTERY COMPANY are manufacturers, not middlemen, like many other advertisers. The PEARSON POTTERIES have nearly 2,000 feet frontage to the town of Hanley.

Hundreds of these packages are applied for as **Wedding or Birthday Presents.** And what more useful present can be given? Every item is useful.

The Thirty Shilling Bazaar Parcel is selling well. Apply at once.

Send a Post Card for Particulars. You will never regret it. Freedom from breakage guaranteed. All letters to the

PEARSON POTTERY COMPANY, HANLEY.

Digitized by Google

NEW DEPARTURE IN INSURANCE.

The Independent Order of Foresters

Gives Life Assurance at Rates slightly above actual cost—that is, at less than half the usual charges of Life Assurance Companies. The Premiums are based upon "The Combined Experience Table," which was prepared by a Committee of Eminent Actuaries from the Experience of Seventeen British Life Offices. This Table of EXAMPLES gives the Cost for £400; the Average Premiums of Insurance Companies; the RATES of the I.O.F.; and the SAVING EFFECTED BY JOINING THE ORDER.

Age last Birthday.	The Combined Experience Table Per Year.	£400. Average Cost of £400 in British Assurance Companies Per Year.	I.O.F. Table of Premiums Per Year.	Annual Saving to Members of the I. O. F.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
21	3 1 6	8 1 4	3 12 0	4 9 4
25	3 4 10	8 16 4	3 16 0	5 0 4
30	3 10 4	10 0 4	4 0 0	6 0 4
35	3 17 6	11 9 4	4 12 0	6 17 4
40	4 6 4	13 6 4	5 0 0	8 6 4
45	5 1 10	15 13 8	6 0 0	9 13 8
49	6 12 10	18 3 4	7 16 0	10 7 4

The full sum assured is payable at death. All premium-paying of ordinary members in the I.O.F. ceases at 70 years of age, when one-tenth of the amount assured is paid to them annually, the unexhausted balance being payable at death. The entrance fees are very moderate, a £100 policy costing 17s.; £200, £1 16s. 6d.; £400, £2 3s.; 600, £2 9s. 6d.; £800, £2 16s.; and £1,000, £3 5s. Court Dues (10s. to 12s. per annum) have to be paid by each member.

The Accumulated Funds amount to £160,000, of which £20,000 has been deposited with the British Government. Every claim has been paid within ten days, £328,000 having thus been paid during the last eleven years.

CHIEF OFFICE FOR THE UNITED KINGDOM :—

24, CHARING CROSS, WHITEHALL, LONDON;

Office for Scotland :—217, BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW,

Where Prospectuses and Forms of Application for Membership may be obtained.